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OCTOBER. BY HARRY FENN.

CLOTILDE.

A STORY OF A NORMAN FÊTE-DIEU.

I.

"A FINE old pile, sir!—pardon my intrusion. I see you are interested more than ordinary wayfarers in these Norman remains. Their study may carry you back to a remote period in your country's history."

These remarks were addressed to me as I was admiring a village-church, some twenty miles from Rouen, but in an unfrequented road, about the middle of June, 18—, by a gentleman, a little past middle age, who spoke with exceeding politeness, and an air betokening a willingness to afford me the advantage of an agreeable cicerone.

"I am obliged to you, sir, for your observation," I replied. "I was considering, indeed, where I had seen as fine a specimen of Norman architecture in England. I perceive you recognize my nation before I betray it by my accent."

"There is always something unmistakable in an Englishman, if I may say so without offence, and travel rarely removes it; but, having resided among your countrymen, I like them not the less on that account."

"I thank you for your unprejudiced opinion. I have not visited this part of France for many years; and, but for the black-and-white-painted wooden memorials of the departed in the burial-ground, yon wooden cross, and the dress of the peasantry, I should be reminded of an English landscape."

"A charming magnetism!"

"Charming, undoubtedly; but that is not the loadstone which has carried me out of the beaten track."

"I did not mean to insinuate a rudeness; but let us return to the study which I have interrupted. I can tell you where you may have seen a not unsimilar monument in your vast metropolis—on the banks of the Thames."

"You have the advantage of me, I confess. I am not a Londoner, and that may be some apology for my ignorance."

"Have you ever visited the Tower of London? There, in the White Tower, as it is called, you have what was formerly a chapel—St. John's Chapel. The resemblance, however, is more striking in the interior. Let us enter, and you will be better able to judge."

"The church is closed—is it not?—I shall have an opportunity of seeing the interior on Sunday."

"No; it is always open, except at night. There is a side-entrance. Ah, I remember! your churches, in the country especially, are closed, except on one day in the week. You pay both your army and your clergy better than we do, and exact less work. France could not afford to pay a man for doing a seventh part of his duty."

"I am glad to say we improve in the direction you point out. I will avail myself of your suggestion."

Saying this, I followed my guide, and we soon found ourselves inside the venerable edifice. I then saw how correct was the companion which he had denoted. Some few persons were in the church, chiefly market-people who might have returned homeward, for it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, after having disposed of their produce in the neighboring villages. These persons were engaged in their own private devotions; but they used no prayer-book, and moved their lips as if the matter of their prayer was uttered with great rapidity, and this was more particularly noticeable in some who told their beads.

At one end was a priest in a surplice, apparently catechising some children of both sexes, divided from each other by a temporary barrier of chairs. The priest's voice was gentle but quick, and he spoke with an easy familiarity, though not with irreverence, as he elicited replies to questions which seemed not contained in any book, but so contrived as to lead to the assurance that his pupil had more than a merely verbal acquaintance with the subject in hand. Then he would give a little illustration of his meaning; and I half suspected him of telling an occasional anecdote, for now and again the young faces of the boys and girls brightened up with a smile. The sharp answers of the children, and the succession of fresh questions from the priest, imparted considerable animation to the part of the church in which this instruction was going on; but the adults took no notice, as if the noisy little urchins were no distraction to them.

Having completed our survey of the fine old church, we sauntered out into the open country, and my companion in a little time took his leave of me, but not before he had invited me to visit his pretty chateau, which he pointed out to me in the distance.

II.

The next day I met my friend, for the invitation he had given me made me regard him in that light, as I was rambling in the outskirts of the village. I had found his society so very agreeable, that we easily fell into conversation again. After an exchange of the usual salutations, we walked together for some distance, and then retraced our steps toward the village. I could not help perceiving that my companion, though quite as courteous as before, was ill at ease with himself. A melancholy had come over him, and he sighed frequently—I thought involuntarily. I was forced, at length, almost in spite of myself, to let him know that his depression of spirits had not passed unnoticed.

"You appear troubled in your mind?" I said, interrogatively.

"I ought not to inflict my unhappiness on you," he replied, with his accustomed politeness. "I will wish you adieu."

He would have left me; but I was unwilling to part with him without an effort to sympathize with him, and I said:

"I wish you would afford me an opportunity of attempting to alleviate your sorrows, if I can do so without officiousness or undue inquisitiveness."

"My malady is, I fear, incurable, and will baffle your utmost skill and kindness. I have no objection to state what it is, although I am usually very reserved on that point. I own, I am moved to this course by a singular circumstance, which, indeed, led me to accost you in the first instance: I have in my possession a portrait for which you might have sat ten years or more ago. It is pure coincidence, of course; but such is the case. Let us walk on to my house, and I shall have the pleasure of showing you the portrait, for I can unbosom myself more freely in my own home."

I could not decline my friend's proposal, and we made our way to his chateau. I learned, as we went along, that his name was Monsieur Duchesne.

Arrived at the chateau, I was presently introduced to a young and beautiful girl—his daughter Clotilde. The portrait was then handed to me. I might not have been a judge of my own likeness taken a dozen years back; but, to my amazement, it really was my portrait, and my surprise was at finding it in the possession of my host.

"It is marvellous enough," I said; "still it is an undoubted fact that your perception is quite correct. I certainly am the original of that portrait, as I will explain."

"Clotilde's papa, then!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Duchesne, with surprising readiness.

"Baugh, my child!" hastily rejoined M. Duchesne, but smiling good-humoredly. "Clotilde's papa, indeed! Your memory must be good. Let me see," he added, looking at his watch, "is it not your time to visit Monsieur le Curé? Come back to us as soon as you can, Clotilde, and do us the honors of the table."

Clotilde was probably in her fourteenth summer; yet she gracefully took her leave, without a murmur on her part, for it was obvious that her father desired her absence for a little while, and had had recourse to a ruse to carry out his object.

"M. Duchesne," I said, "I must congratulate you upon having a most charming daughter."

"And she is as good as she is lovely," he replied. "But as to this portrait?"

"I shall be obliged to give you a leaf out of my personal history to make good my claim to it. It is simply this: Fifteen years ago, I married a French lady, and your old church there was the church I was married in; but, until the other day, I have never entered it since, and the first time I was inside it was on my marriage-day, when I was too preoccupied with other matters to feel any interest in its style of architecture. Thus, as I told you, something besides the English character of your scenery brought me into these parts."

"Well, it is not every one who revisits with pleasure the theatre of such an important event. It increases my good opinion of you, and leads me to suppose that the result has been happy."

"Happy in one sense only. My wife, indeed, was the best of women, and to her I presented that portrait; but in less than three years I had the misfortune to lose her. Perhaps I ought to add that, in

consequence of a difference of religion, we were also married in the presence of the English consul at Rouen. We loved each other, and were happy in each other; but I was compelled to keep my marriage a secret from my family, who would have disinherited me for marrying a foreigner and a Catholic."

"Such a course, no doubt, had its drawbacks?"

"It was attended with much inconvenience and unpleasantness. I was necessarily absent from my young wife for long intervals, in order to throw off suspicion; and she was debarred from that public acknowledgment to which she had a right. Yet no complaint ever passed her lips; and, I will answer for it, she never harbored one in her heart. Alas! she was taken from me only a little time before I should have had it in my power to give her the position she so well deserved."

"A cruel disappointment!"

"The bitterest affliction of my life! I will continue my narrative, before I take the liberty to inquire by what strange chance my portrait fell into your hands, and the more unreservedly because you may be able to afford me information or aid, and perhaps both."

"Most willingly, if I have the power."

"I have not yet told you my name—it is Edwin Vavasour, one of our oldest surnames; but that is nothing to the point. When my wife died, I was left with an only child, a girl, then little more than a year old. It had been arranged that any son with whom we might be blessed was to be brought up in the established religion of my country, and that our daughters were to follow the religion of their mother. This was deemed fair to both of us, and I respect the principle laid down at a period anterior to our union as much now as if my wife had lived to claim its fulfilment."

"I applaud your uprightness."

"I fear, however, that doubts have been entertained of my good faith by my wife's family; or, at all events, I have given them very great dissatisfaction by my clandestine marriage, and the subsequent non-recognition of my wife before the world. I was too glad to leave my child, who bore the same Christian name as your own daughter, in the charge of her maiden aunt, Mademoiselle Latour. I undertook to leave the whole responsibility of education in her hands, until my daughter reached her fourteenth year, at which time she was to come under my exclusive control. I did this in compliance with a last request, which, I have reason to believe, my wife was prompted to make. Mademoiselle Latour would not permit me to place any pecuniary resources at her command, although you may be sure that I was resolved that at a future day she should not be a loser from her own devotedness to her sister's child. With my sanction, Mademoiselle Latour removed the child from Rouen, where my wife died, to Paris. For two years from this time I received periodically news of the well-being of my infant daughter, and I frequently journeyed from England to France to visit my little treasure. But at last a time came when I received no more letters from my sister-in-law. I wrote most pressingly, and, obtaining no reply, hurried to Paris to learn the cause of the suspension of our correspondence. After all the inquiries I made in every likely quarter, I could learn no more than that Mademoiselle Latour had not been, for some time, in good health, and that she had gone to the south of France. I lost all trace of her and of my child! I have offered large rewards for any reliable intelligence concerning them. I appealed, of course, to all relatives known to me, every one of our acquaintance. To no purpose. From that time to this, no tidings of them have ever reached me. In my distraction I have visited all parts of France, with one sole object in view. At last I was forced to give up the pursuit, and I have almost abandoned hope of ever seeing my child again. I had nearly resolved never to cross over to your country again; but I am nevertheless here once more, rambling among old, familiar scenes. And now I have put myself so much in the foreground as to have lost sight of another object of my coming hither—namely, to listen to your sorrows rather than recite my own."

"I will first satisfy you on one point: to my astonishment, you have made good your claim to the portrait. Is it possible that it can lead to the restoration of your daughter?"

That was a question which my own heart was asking, and which I expected M. Duchesne to solve. What if he should choose to remain silent? Was there any motive he could have for concealment? I could not disguise from myself that such a motive might exist; and the strange question of Clotilde when I recognized the portrait,

"Clotilde's papa, then?" disquieted my mind. Then M. Duchesne's sudden check and dismissal of his daughter were open to suspicion. Was Clotilde his daughter? Was she not mine? Agitated as I was by these perplexing reflections, I preserved an exterior calm. What proof could I adduce, even if my judgment were correct. Proof was out of my reach and in the hands of the man who had become an object of suspicion, and who had the power to thwart inquiry. I would be circumspect; I must hide my doubts, and glean from him what facts I could. It was impossible to reply without manifesting some anxiety, but I would master it to the best of my power.

"I own," I said, "that hopes once more revive within me, that one small discovery may lead to a greater; and, as I am indebted to you for the one, I cannot divest myself of an expectation that you may be the medium of the other." I looked him very earnestly in the face as I spoke, but he was unmoved.

"I may be doomed to disappoint you," he said, quietly, "but I promise to do all I can for you. I will tell you, however, in what way your portrait came into my possession, as that point must naturally awaken your curiosity. My wife was also of the family of Latour; we did not live, happily together, and our disagreements increased whenever any of her own relatives came about her. Consequently I discouraged their intimacy with us as much as possible, and held myself aloof from them. Still, I remember—it would be about eight years ago—my wife had some female relative staying with her for some weeks, the greater part of which I spent in your country, for I had consented to the visit of our relative on account of my own intended absence. Whether that person was a sister or a cousin of my wife I do not recollect; but she had a young girl with her, whose name was, like my child's, Clotilde."

"My daughter!" I exclaimed, in breathless excitement.

"Stop," he pursued, "that could not be; she was with her mother. I shall be able to arrive at the name of that lady, for I have forgotten it, and perhaps obtain some other particulars concerning her; but time will be needed for that. I must refer to some letters and papers now in the hands of a friend of mine in Paris. It will take a week at least to go into these matters, and whether they will afford any clew to the subject of your inquiry, I am quite unable to say; but it seems to me clear that we have come upon another discovery—the portrait was left with my wife; and that is not all: we are certainly in some sense connected by family ties on the female side."

I was attempting to make a suitable reply, when it was prevented by the return of Mademoiselle Duchesne, who, running up to her father and kissing him, presented a little silken reticule, as she said:

"Pour l'autel, mon père."

M. Duchesne dropped something into the reticule, and I offered to follow his example, as I had an indistinct idea of the purpose of the donation, but he resisted me.

"No, no," he said, "we must tax neither your charity nor your tolerance of opinion. To-morrow, Thursday, is the *Fête-Dieu*, and on Sunday we, in this part of France, commemorate the festival rather demonstratively by processions and the erection of temporary altars in the village, and, for this purpose, Clotilde lays our gardens and our houses under contribution."

"I am not the first English traveller who has been moved by your religious spectacles and the unaffected piety of those who take part in them."

"Monsieur le Curé regards them as more effective than his sermons," M. Duchesne replied. "He may be right. I am not a judge of his eloquence, but I am unaccountably saddened at the preparations for the approaching celebration."

"I thought they were calculated for a very different result," I said.

"Quite true," he answered; "but my case is exceptional. You shall hear.—Clotilde," he added, "the garden is at your disposal; gather what flowers you want for the church to-morrow, and leave a good supply for Sunday." And he again dismissed his daughter, as if he wished our conversation to be private.

What was I to think of such extraordinary behavior? M. Duchesne relapsed into his melancholy mood. Was I to be prevented from conversing with his daughter? Could I place reliance in the statement made to me? Or was it part of a fraud to keep my child from me? Were there two Clotildes, who were cousins? Was there only one, and that with no right but from courtesy to the name of Duchesne?

M. Duchesne sat motionless as a statue; but his eyes had a wild, fierce gaze, which told of an inward conflict. Did I contribute to it? That could hardly be; for I called to mind that his despondency had overtaken him before I had seen his daughter or the portrait. Even if he had no daughter of his own, it was evident that he loved the child of his adoption, and I was powerless to dispossess him of her, whatever might be my natural right. He could feel no uneasiness on that point: he was completely master of the position. What, then, was the affliction which weighed him down? Should I again allude to it? He relieved the suspense I was in by saying:

"I promised to unburden my mind to you. I will keep my word; but, to enable you to enter into my feelings, I in my turn must give you a little of my personal history, though I will undertake to be brief."

I bowed, and assured him of my attention.

III.

"After the death of my wife, about five years back," M. Duchesne began, "I resolved to give up public life, and I left Paris to come down here to spend the remainder of my days in the peaceful pursuits of literary ease. I had lived as other men live, neither better nor worse. I have been of the world, worldly. I have been ambitious, and not scrupulous of pushing out of my path any one who stood between me and promotion. I have been a duellist, and have killed my challenger, though I might have goaded him into seeking revenge by an 'affair of honor.' Since I retired from the 'great world,' I have applied myself to study; I have diligently read the men of imperishable fame, the best authors of England and France. I have experienced high intellectual enjoyment while so profitably engaged; but when I pause, and turn my thoughts inward into myself, my heart aches, and I am no more happy than when in the full pursuit of the vanities of life. Many would envy my tranquil existence and my reasonable competency of fortune, shared as they are with a beautiful and accomplished daughter, in whom I have a fond father's pride; but they know not the dreary depth of that boiling abyss which has so smooth a surface. Do I find, then, human happiness unattainable, with all the means I have of its acquisition? Assuredly I do, whatever others may affirm. Why do I arrive at so painful a result? Because, since there is a world beyond this, things here are only in transition, and peace and rest in our present state are, to my mind, impossibilities."

"You take a strong view," I broke in, "but it is not without just grounds, in my opinion, if you do not push your argument too far. Contentment, perhaps, is a basis of happiness, for that was allowed in heathen times; but we have the consolations of a Dispensation which should promote content here, and lead to future and perfect bliss."

"You have come to the very kernel of the subject," he replied, and his eyes glared with something of an unearthly light, and his whole frame shook with half-subdued emotion. "Religion," he added, "is the key-stone of happiness for many, I sincerely hope, but not, alas! for me." He put his hands to his temples, as if in pain. "You have," he continued, "the clew to my desolation."

I was amazed at the expression of these sentiments, which seemed more particularly out of place in the mouth of a Frenchman. I had touched an unexpected cord in M. Duchesne's organization; I had disturbed the apparent harmony of his system, and I knew not how to restore it. I felt bound to make an effort, and took the liberty to ask:

"You speak of religion with evident respect; have you no faith, no hope?"

"I have an excess of faith," he said, "as I understand it; hope for myself, I have none!"

"I am no theologian," I replied, "but, in my judgment, your spirituality wants tone. You have, among your clergy, men of erudition and of unblemished lives; would it not be well to consult some one of them who might be a physician to your soul?"

"I have laid my mind bare," he said, "to our excellent curé, who is a scholar and a true pastor. It is all in vain. His arguments are, perhaps, unanswerable; what they fail in, is conviction. I can see no resurrection from the pollution of the world! It is terrible to think so, but I can no more resist this impression, which my intercourse with my fellow forces upon me, than open my eyes in the light and discern nothing. Die, then, in the innocence of infancy, or at a time when the soul is purest, before it is defiled by contact with the world.

That may happen twice in a lifetime—then happiness, I believe in it, not otherwise."

"You would apply your observations to mankind in general," I said; "you limited them to your individual case at first."

"I might maintain," he answered, "their universality: it is enough for my present purpose to confine them to my Clotilde and me."

"Clotilde!" I exclaimed, in horror; "you would not overshadow a being so bright with your miserable despair?"

"I had gone too far; he turned on me almost savagely. I feared I was in the presence of a madman.

"Clotilde!" he cried. "Who would dare to say that I would injure her? But she must be free from the contaminating influences of society. How, I dread to think."

It was not possible for me to minister to a mind diseased, such as I felt M. Duchesne's to be; but that Clotilde should be involved in his mental ruin, appeared to me a tenfold calamity. Was she to be debarred from associates, and from all that makes life enjoyable, all those *agrément*s proper to her youth and station, to be sacrificed to the absurd caprices of a monomaniac? Such was the interpretation which I put upon M. Duchesne's last remark. Argument was out of the question on such brutal selfishness as he proclaimed himself, in my opinion, to be guilty of. To defend Clotilde would be to provoke a more obstinate and determined stretch of authority. In my perplexity, I remained silent. Presently, he recovered a little of his composure, and proceeded:

"I intended to acquaint you with my hidden sorrows. I have partly done so, but I have not told you how it is that they are aggravated at the present time. In a word, this *Fête-Dieu* is specially, and for the first time, odious to me. I may fail to make you understand how I am affected by it, for you are an alien in creed as well as country; but loving Clotilde as I do, and feeling convinced that happiness and innocence are inseparable, whether for time or eternity, and that both are incompatible in human society as it now exists, I view an approaching crisis in her career with profound melancholy, lest that spotlessness, which is certain then to be hers, should in her mature years be sullied by the inevitable and ineffaceable taint of worldly contact. The crisis I speak of, I can only describe in the sad, dying utterances of a man who was the incarnation of worldliness—and his remorseful words are ever ringing in my ear—*Clotilde 'en faire sa première communion . . . et moi!*" I, too, share his remorse, but not less anguish do I feel for the more than probable future of Clotilde. Year after year, in opposition to the entreaties of Monsieur le Curé and herself, and long after the usual period among us, I have put off the event, for I wished her to be old enough to comprehend its significance. The day must come at last. Clotilde could need but little instruction, but daily, for some few weeks past, has our good curé been preparing some of his younger flock, and Clotilde among them, to participate for the first time in the mysteries of the coming *Fête-Dieu*. I can scarcely expect you to have more than the faintest idea of my mental torture; but, believe me, my suffering is very real, and, as time advances, it becomes almost intolerable."

"Monsieur Duchesne," I said, "it is enough for us to judge ourselves. I think your opinions, in reference to yourself, erroneous and unwise; but surely it is illogical to apply them to any one else? I remember the remarkable observation attributed to M. Talleyrand, which seems to exercise such an unwholesome influence over your mind. It has been thought by some, who credit the anecdote, to have been but a scoff of the unbeliever."

"That is likely enough," he replied, "to be the impression of an Englishman who cannot realize to himself ideas foreign to his religious views and preconceptions! He cannot believe in others placing faith in what he deems, in his faulty philosophy, incredible. Nevertheless, I know as a fact, that not only did the observation fall from the lips of the man to whom it is ascribed, but that he gave every indication of perfect sincerity in its delivery and import." And M. Duchesne spoke in accents of bitterness, rather in the manner than in the words themselves, of the judgment said to be habitual to us on foreign nations.

I felt convinced how impossible it was to soften his strictures in which he was so positive, and, without acquiescing in them, I suffered them to pass. M. Duchesne appeared now to have afforded me all the insight he intended to give me as to the nature of his distress—for which my sympathy, I confess, was lessened on account of its irrational and incurable character. He appeared to master, for a time,

the mental tortures, of which he was the prey, for his thoughts began once again to flow into a less turbid channel, and, on the return of Clotilde, I was made a partaker of his hospitalities. Conversation turned upon more agreeable topics, and, after a pleasanter termination to our prolonged interview than seemed at one time probable, I took my departure for the evening, M. Duchesne repeating his promises to prosecute inquiries on my account. Clotilde, whose beauty and exquisite grace had most powerfully interested me, exhibited no sign of any knowledge of the nature of these promises; and I left M. Duchesne's chateau with a mind bewildered with doubts, yet relieved by a glimmer of hope.

IV.

The next day was Thursday, and I had learned from M. Duchesne it was the *Fête-Dieu*. At an early hour I was abroad, and making my way in the unhurried manner of an idle man to the village-church. Perhaps some curiosity to behold the floral display to which Clotilde had been, no doubt, a bountiful contributor, actuated me to enter the sacred edifice. Early as it was, the old church was full of worshippers. The altars were most tastefully decorated with flowers of every hue; rose-leaves bestrewed the pavement in nave and aisles, and festoons of bouquets clung to windows and pillars, and hovered overhead in every direction. The odor of so many flowers was not too overpowering at this time of the morning, but a delightful fragrance was spread around. The service was the reverse of gorgeous; but it was solemn and almost silent. An elderly priest was at the principal altar, Monsieur le Curé, I presumed; and he was attended by only two boys, acolytes in surplices. The responses of the boys, rapidly but distinctly given, and the occasional ringing of a bell, were all that broke the impressive stillness, for no word of the *curé* was audible where I stood.

Presently a movement took place among the congregation, but there was little noise or disarrangement. Quietly, and in a most orderly manner, were marshalled numbers of the youth of both sexes, all most becomingly dressed and mostly in white, down the nave of the church. These were the children who were to make their first communion on that beautiful, bright June morning. Youth, health, and innocence were depicted on their countenances, and the sight of the white-robed gathering had a most pleasing effect. Conspicuous among them was Clotilde—Clotilde Duchesne; but I looked in vain for M. Duchesne himself among the adult members of that devout assembly. In his frame of mind, perhaps, his absence was desirable.

The two acolytes now advanced to the sanctuary-rails, and held up a white communion-cloth. At this signal the nearest juvenile communicants approached the rails, and, kneeling, took the white cloth into their hands.

The acolytes retired, and, placing themselves each at the side of the altar, recited a prayer. In another minute or two the priest took the communion-plate out of the tabernacle, repeated a short prayer with his face turned toward the people (the acolytes meanwhile tinkling a bell), and, descending the altar-steps, administered holy communion, according to the rite of his church, to such as had come forward to receive it. The ceremony was simple in the extreme, but calm and beautiful to behold; and, novel as was the spectacle to me, it was less its novelty than its quiet sublimity that affected me. I seemed to witness a rite old, yet, in conjunction with those troops of children, still new, and ever surrounded with majesty, the more august from its simplicity. The whole day after, my mind was far from sad, but it was reflective. It frequently reverted to the many bright and innocent faces I had seen that day; and then my thoughts ran upon the destiny of the many, when innocence should be exposed to the trials and temptations of life. My conference with M. Duchesne, on the previous day, had helped, no doubt, to induce these serious, though not to me painful cogitations.

I did not see either M. Duchesne or Clotilde on the two following days; but Sunday came, and the whole village turned out in holiday attire. The majority of the villagers, and an unusual concourse of youngsters, male and female, wended their way to the church, which had become a temple of Flora in variety and tastefulness of flowery decoration. Temporary altars of bouquets and flowers had been erected in different parts of the village; every one seemed to enter into the coming celebration of the festival with animation and cheerfulness, but with the utmost decorum and the absence of all hubbub and confusion. Every face was lighted up with a happy contentment. Joining the well-conducted crowd, I entered the church, in which were banners

and images of more or less beauty of device and construction. A fine-toned organ and a tolerably efficient choir did their best to elevate and inspirit the popular devotion. The service was ornate, as contrasted with that of Thursday. The celebrant priest was assisted by two other priests, and the altar was surrounded by a multitude of white-robed youths. Clouds of incense ascended on high, and numerous candles burning in the subdued daylight symbolled the day of jubilee. A short sermon was delivered by a young ecclesiastic, who was earnest in manner, but homely in his language, as he gave an explanation of the institution of the *Fête-Dieu*. The discourse was given in the middle of the service, before the commencement of its most important part.

At length *la messe* concluded, and "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem" was given out by the choir, and taken up by the whole congregation. The chant was plain, but vigorously sustained. Meanwhile those about to take part in the approaching ceremonial were soon marshalled in proper order, and the chief priest, holding the monstrance in his hands, under a rich canopy supported by attendants at each corner, prepared to take his place of honor in the procession. Slowly moved the long train carrying aloft the banners and images, from which streamed white ribbons held by a staff preceding, and following the standard-bearers; and gradually the canopied priest passed down a defile between kneeling worshippers on either side, amid the swinging of censers and the sonorous chant of attendants with candles in their hands. Outside the church the procession had been joined by bands of music which, at convenient distances, enlivened the triumphal march.

Not the least attractive figure in that long line of processionists, bearing a banner of the Madonna, and surrounded by a group of young ladies crowned, like herself, with wreaths of white roses, and attired in snow-white garments, which did full credit to their *modistes*, was Clotilde Duchesne. With quiet dignity, and as if impressed with a sense of responsibility, which gave a devout expression to her exquisite features, she glided along, resembling a virgin queen among her virgin satellites.

In front of M. Duchesne's chateau, on a grassy slope, Clotilde had caused to be erected a floral altar. To this point, after passing through the principal street of the village, and stopping for benediction at some appointed places, the procession was now tending. I could see nothing of M. Duchesne; but the crowd now filled his garden, and arranged themselves round the altar, which was the centre of attraction. The aged *curé* advanced from his canopy on to the highest altar-step and enthroned the sacramental bread in a floral recess, raised high above the middle of the altar. Incense and song were the offering of the kneeling throng—the beautiful "Tantum ergo Sacramentum" resounded from all sides, and the *curé*, with the sacred monstrance in hand, was blessing the multitude bowed down in adoration, among whom my eyes were fixed on the figure of Clotilde, as she occupied with her companions a position immediately below the altar-steps, when, during a hushed moment of silence, the ear was startled by the report of a pistol, and Clotilde, relaxing the hold of her banner, fell lifeless on the ground. Terror instantly seized the whole assemblage, who sprang to their feet in the wildest confusion. M. le Curé put the consecrated elements under cover, and hastened to offer his services to the unhappy victim. Too late! the fatal ball had struck her to the heart, and death had been instantaneous. The women wailed and fled, the men madly rushed in every direction to discover the assassin, and, in a few seconds, M. Duchesne was captured in the act of pistolling himself. A cry of savage joy succeeded the cry of horror which the foul deed had provoked, and M. Duchesne, pale and haggard, but unflinching, was handed over to the authorities. The lifeless form of Clotilde was borne into the chateau, and the *curé*, finding he could be of no use just then to the murdered victim, exhorted as many as in the consternation would give ear to him, to accompany him back to the church to join in a "De profundis" for her departed soul.

M. Duchesne was tried at Rouen for the wilful murder of Clotilde. Filled with horror at the crime, and with a mind racked with a strong suspicion that it had deprived me of a daughter, I offered to give my testimony before the court. I was the principal witness examined, for no one had seen the pistol fired, and the strongest evidence which could be produced pointed to self-destruction, not to the murder of his daughter. My testimony supplied a motive for the act, resulting from aberration of intellect; and yet his calm, dignified demeanor seemed to belie his mental derangement. The evidence of M. le Curé,

which might have corroborated mine, was not produced: M. Duchesne either did not desire it, or the court might have thought that his knowledge came to him under the seal of secrecy, and could not be divulged even for the ends of justice. I stated to the court all that had passed between M. Duchesne and me. I hesitated whether I should avow my own suspicion that Clotilde was not his but my daughter, and that there was an additional motive for taking her life, in the apprehension that she might be taken from him and placed under the control of a parent holding a hostile creed. Then it occurred to me that, perhaps, the trial afforded me the best chance I should ever have of clearing up the mystery, and I boldly explained my doubts and my grounds for entertaining them. This roused the prisoner to a pitch of indignation, and he denounced my ingratitude in the most withering terms. An exciting scene took place in court. The matter of my suspicion was irrelevant, but it elicited proofs of its groundlessness. I felt I had wronged M. Duchesne, and I wished to make him sensible of my sorrow. He would not listen to me; and when the sensation, caused by my revelation, had abated, the judge summed up the case, and the jury acquitted M. Duchesne on the ground of monomania. M. Duchesne was then put under restraint for lunacy.

I was not allowed access to him, and I seemed now to have lost all chance of discovering my daughter, for it was evident that it would be impossible for me to prevail on M. Duchesne, even if I could approach him, to institute inquiries on my account. Six months after these events a friend of mine, resident in Rouen, who had been requested by me to watch any proceedings in that part of France at all likely to interest me, invited me to cross the Channel once more. M. Duchesne had recently died, for his health gave way under captivity, and he had left in the hands of his medical attendant, who was personally known to my friend, some letters and papers connected with the family of Latour. I lost no time in repairing to my friend's house at Rouen, and in a little while I discovered that my wife's sister had died a professed nun some two years before I had made the acquaintance of M. Duchesne. She had entered one of the strictest convents of her communion, and, previously to her taking the veil, she had placed my daughter Clotilde in a seminary in Dijon. She had provided funds for her education, and left a sum of money in the hands of trustees for her future maintenance.

I now sought an interview with the judge who had tried the unfortunate M. Duchesne. The judge received me with the utmost courtesy, and gave me every information as to the course I should pursue. Fortified with all the necessary certificates and such other proofs as my case demanded, I found no difficulty, thanks to French law, in recovering my long-lost daughter.

Mademoiselle Latour's motive for injustice to me, I can set down only to her bigotry. Clotilde, my daughter, although educated in a conventional seminary, has imbibed, I am rejoiced to say, none of the intolerance of her aunt; and, although at first it was not easy for her to regard me as her parent, she now rewards me with a loving obedience. She perfectly well remembers Madame Duchesne, who was indeed another of her aunts, and the placing of my portrait in her hands; and she has the tenderest recollection of her beautiful but ill-fated cousin.

CHARLES DICKENS'S USE OF THE BIBLE.

II.

OUR Saviour's life and teaching supply so many interesting illustrations to Charles Dickens that our great difficulty, in such a limited space as that to which we are now confined, is to make a good selection. To make a beginning: here is a sketch entitled "A Christmas Tree," from one of his reprinted pieces, which contains this simple and beautiful summary of our Lord's life on earth: "The waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An Angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a Baby in a manger; a Child in a spacious temple talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where

He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed with ropes; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon His knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

In such a history, truly, as Mr. Dickens elsewhere says ("Uncommercial Traveller"), "the most beautiful and affecting conceivable by man," there must be many incidents and illustrations of surpassing interest to the novelist. Let us proceed with our selection. One who has written so many Christmas stories, and associated his name so intimately with that welcome season, as Charles Dickens has done, can scarcely fail to allude to many of the scenes in the life of Him who was "its mighty Founder." Opening the "Christmas Carol," we find ourselves in the company of Scrooge and the ghost of Jacob Marley. Listen! "At this time of the rolling year," the spectre said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the wise men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?" To the Star in the East there is another very touching reference in "Hard Times"—perhaps one of the most affecting references to the sacred narrative that can be found anywhere within the boards of all Mr. Dickens's books. Stephen Blackpool has just been recovered from the "Old Hell Shaft," and is lying on the ground with his face turned to the sky of night. A throng of people surround the poor, crushed, dying man. Rachael, his friend, is stooping and bending over him.

"Look up yonder, Rachael! Look above!"

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said, reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' look'n at 't and thowt o' thee, Rachael, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa, above a bit, I hope. . . ."

The bearers were preparing to carry him away. While they were arranging how to go, Stephen again spoke to his friend: "Often as I coom to myself," he said, again referring to the star, "and found it shining on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to our Saviour's home. I awmust think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand; we may walk together 't night, my dear."

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to cover my face?"

"They carried him very gently along the fields and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility and sorrow and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."

What our Saviour said of little children is often affectionately alluded to by Mr. Dickens. Thus while David Copperfield relates how he was treated by the Murdstones, he quietly observes that, though their gloomy theology made out all children to be nothing better than a swarm of little vipers, yet he was greatly comforted by knowing that Jesus had other and very different thoughts about children, when He could take, as He once did, a little child and set him in the midst of the disciples, saying, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The same incident is mentioned in Tiny Tim's history. Scrooge had asked the spirit to let him "see some tenderness connected with a death," whereupon they entered Bob Cratchit's house, and found the mother and her children all seated round the fire. "The noisy little Cratchits were still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet."

"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them."

"Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them only, as he and the spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?"

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

"The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!"

Since we have got among the little children, let us have a few more instances of their associations with the sacred story in the writings of Charles Dickens. In "A Tale of Two Cities" we read of Lucie sitting in the still and lonely house "listening to the echoing footstep of years"—listening to something which whispered of a time when she would perhaps be called away to fill an early grave, and leave her husband and her child behind. "That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle-side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine Friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided her, seemed to take her child in her arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her. Thus soothed and comforted, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly sounds.

"Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile—'Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go'—those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been intrusted to it. Suffer them, and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father—blessed words!"

Esther Summerson and Ada Clare are on a visit to the brickmaker's family. Opportunity has just been given them of saying a few kind words to the brickmaker's wife, who was sitting by the fire with the baby on her knee. Ada's gentle heart is moved by baby's suffering. As she bends down to touch its little face, it died. "O Esther!" cried Ada, sinking on her knees beside it, "look here! O Esther, my love, the little thing!—the suffering, quiet, pretty little thing! I am so sorry for it. I am so sorry for the mother. I never saw a sight so pitiful as this before. O baby, baby!"

They tried to comfort the mother, and whispered to her what our Saviour said of little children. She answered nothing, and could only reply to their tender, loving sympathy by "weeping—weeping very much."

We have no space for more of these touching incidents, nor for any other, indeed, out of a list of passages which we had marked off with reference to the parables and miracles of Our Lord; the divine lessons of loving and forgiving one another; the necessity of being ourselves at peace with God; the change that must come upon us all; the certainty of another and a better life than this; and the great day of judgment to come. But what we have given will be amply sufficient, we trust, to show how much our greatest living novelist is in the habit of going to the sacred narrative for illustrations to many of his most touching incidents, and how reverend and respectful always is the spirit in which every such illustration is employed. To think of Charles Dickens's writings as containing no religious teaching is to do them a great injustice. It is true that many of his readers may possibly have been startled by what he has written with regard to the Christian ministry and missionary work as associated with Stiggins, Chadband, Mrs. Jellyby, and some of the observations of Sam Weller's father. But, with reference to these, and such as these, a paragraph in the preface to one of the earliest of his works—"The Pickwick Papers"—is quite sufficient to reassure his startled readers, and to dispel from their minds all idea of religion or religious work being referred to only to be ridiculed. In the preface referred to, Mr. Dickens says:

"Lest there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference (as some could not when 'Old Mortality' was newly published) between religion and the cant of religion—piety and the pretence of piety—an humble reverence for the great truths of sacred Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter, and not its spirit, in the commonest dissensions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them under-

stand that it is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirized here. . . . It is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lip and idle in the heart; or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of Swift, have just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another."

These "words of observation on so plain a head," though written as far back as the first publication of "Pickwick," are strictly applicable to all that Mr. Dickens has since written. So that, to think of his writings as containing neither moral nor religious lessons—in their best and widest sense, free from all sectarian teaching, and as high and dry above the distractions of theological dogmatism as practice is from profession—simply because they are works of fiction, and not classed under the head of "Religious Publications," would be not only as uncharitable, but as unjust, as it was of St. John, who on one occasion came to Our Saviour and reported, in his zeal, that he had seen one casting out devils who did not belong to his company or apostleship. "Forbid him not," said Jesus, "for there is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me; for he that is not against us is on our part." Who can tell how many are the legions of evil spirits that have been cast out?—how much real and lasting good effected by those pure and healthy writings which have made the name of Charles Dickens familiar as a Household Word wherever the English language is spoken or translated?

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

I.

THE road winds past the wooded hill;
The quiet farm-house stands aloof;
The bees hum round the window-sill;
The sun glares on the slanting roof.

Faint streaks of crimson line the leaves,
And tawny uplands faintly glow;
The cradle lies beside the sheaves;
The unhitched oxen homeward go.

The watch-dog stretches by the door,
And sleepy noon tide has begun;
The river—glass from shore to shore—
Creeps drowsily in shade and sun.

O sweetest love, that brought sweet care!
Alone, by tangled roots I dream,
And in the river's quiet share:
No lilies haunt the rapid stream!

II.

The bluebird tilts the yellowing spray,
And skies are golden fair;
The crickets are astir all day:
Sweet sounds are in the air;
And grasshoppers, in rustling play,
Vault round me everywhere.

Where flies the bird? Ah! who can tell?
The bee stark-dead will lie;
And faint will grow the cricket's bell
When winds are wailing by;
This idle song of mine, as well,
With autumn leaves will die.

GEORGE COOPER.



TALLULAH CHASM.

NOVELTIES OF SOUTHERN SCENERY.

II.

TA LLULAH CHASM.—The Cherokee word Tallulah means *the terrible*, and was originally applied to the river of that name, on account of its fearful falls. This stream rises among the Alleghany Mountains, and is a tributary of the Savannah. It runs through a mountain-

land, narrow, deep, clear, and cold, and subject to every variety of mood. During the first-half of its career it winds among the hills in uneasy joy, and then for several miles it wears a placid appearance, and you can scarcely hear the murmur of its waters. Soon tiring of this peace-

ful course, however, it narrows itself for an approaching contest, and runs through a chasm whose walls, about two miles in length, are for the most part perpendicular; and, after making five distinct leaps, as the chasm deepens, it settles into a turbulent and angry mood, and so continues until it leaves the gorge and regains its wonted character. The accompanying sketch gives us a view of the chasm at its lowest extremity. The total fall of water, within the two miles mentioned, has been estimated at four hundred feet, and the several falls have been named *Lodore*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Horicon*, and the *Serpentine*. What they have done, that they should have been so wretchedly christened, has always been a mystery. At this point the stream is exceedingly winding, and the granite cliffs on either side vary in height from six hundred to nine hundred feet, while the mountains which back the cliffs reach an elevation of fifteen hundred feet. Many of the pools are very large and deep, and the walls and rocks are everywhere covered with the most luxuriant mosses. The vegetation of the whole chasm is in truth particularly rich and varied; for you may find here not only the pine, but specimens of every variety of the more tender trees, together with lichens and vines and flowers which would keep a botanist employed for half a century. Only four paths have been discovered leading to the margin of the water, and to make either one of these descents requires much of the nerve and courage of the samphire-gatherer. Through this immense gorge a strong wind is ever blowing, and the sunlight never falls upon the cataracts without forming beautiful rainbows, which contrast strangely with the surrounding gloom and horror; and the roar of the waterfalls, perpetually ascending to the sky, comes to the beholder with a voice that bids him to wonder and admire. As a natural curiosity the Falls of Tallulah are on a par with the River Saguenay and the Falls of Niagara.

With regard to the more striking features of this chasm, next to its falls, may be mentioned the Devil's Pulpit, the Devil's Dwelling, the Eagle's Nest, the Deer-leap, Hawthorne's Pool, and Hancock's Sliding-place, whose several names convey an idea of their characteristics or associations. After emerging from its magnificent chasm, the Tallulah River runs quietly through a beautiful vale, which is so completely hemmed in with hills as to be quite inaccessible to a vehicle of any description. In this narrow valley stands a solitary cabin, which, though now deserted and forlorn, was once the happy home of Adam Vandever, the Hunter of Tallulah. He was a small, weazened-faced man, and wore a white beard. He was born in South Carolina, hunted for many years in Kentucky, and spent the last thirty years of his life in the wilds of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took part in the Creek War, and is said to have killed more Indians with his single rifle than any other white man in the army. He was married three times, and delighted to talk about his thirty-two or three children. During the summer he cultivated his land, and his live-stock consisted generally of one mule, half a dozen goats, and a number of dogs. His favorite game was the deer, of which he claimed to have killed *four thousand*, but he was quite ready always to kill whatever might cross his path. In all his winter hunts, when absent for weeks at a time, his mule, which he honored with the name of *The Devil and Tom Walker*, was his sole companion, and he is said to have brought home as the result of a single winter campaign not less than six hundred peltries and skins, consisting of those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, and the coon. In politics, which he despised, he went for men and not principles, and from the time that he fought under General Jackson, until his death, he continued to vote for him for President at every subsequent election. That the hunting-stories of such a man were full of interest can be readily imagined, and the writer can only recall one other hunter whose store of wilderness information was as extensive and interesting, and that man was John Cheeny, the Hunter of the Adirondacks.

That a place like Tallulah should have an Indian legend associated with it was to be expected. Many generations ago, according to the Cherokees, it so happened that several famous hunters, who had wandered from the West toward the Savannah River, never returned. The curiosity and fears of the nation were excited, and they sent a delegation of medicine-men to go and find the lost hunters. They visited the East, and when they returned they reported that they had discovered a dreadful chasm in a strange part of the country. They said it was a very wild place, and inhabited by a race of little people, who dwelt among the rocks and under the waterfalls; that they were the enemies of the Cherokee nation; and they knew that these little people had decoyed the missing hunters to death in the waters of Tal-

lulah. In view of this legend, it is worthy of remark that the Cherokees, before departing for the far West, always avoided the Falls of Tallulah, and were never found hunting or fishing in their vicinity.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN WHICH MR. LEONARD REPORTS PROGRESS, AND FURTHER MEASURES ARE CONCERTED.

BOILING with impatience, maddened by her husband's defeat, Mrs. Upjohn sat in her bower, expecting Mr. Leonard's second visit. The doors had been carefully hung with a thick crimson cloth, and the little octagon was now a retreat as convenient as could be desired for any clandestine use, whether conspiracy, intrigue, or secret negotiation. Mr. Upjohn had not yet returned to town—very probably in no hurry to confront his wife without giving her time to digest his discomfiture.

Mr. Leonard was punctual, and came in nodding approbation at the crimson curtains and the perfection of all the arrangements. Knowing what had happened as well as Mrs. Upjohn herself, for the newspapers had informed him of the result of the election, he was prepared to find her in a more determined mood than on the former day, and more ready for strong measures; but he was not the less resolved to apply the goad, if it was only for his own amusement.

"Nothing else was to be expected, madam," he said, as he took his seat, "when two such planets meet as an unscrupulous woman and an unprincipled attorney."

"Isn't she a monster, Mr. Leonard?"

"It's a bad business, ma'am—that's all that's to be said."

"Now, sir, what is to be done?"

"We must talk of that," he replied, coolly; "but first, madam, it is my duty to report what we have done in obedience to your instructions, including your letter, which I duly received. In the first place, as Mr. Alexander has been down at Penrose, I have no guilty meetings at the Cavendish to report, on the principle that a man cannot be in two places at once, like the celebrated Irish bird you may perhaps have heard of."

"No, really, I never did," said Mrs. Upjohn, a little impatiently. "Is her illness real or pretended? That's what I want to know in the first place."

"On that point, madam, I am in a position to report that a doctor's carriage has been twice seen at the door; and, as on the last occasion the doctor came out laughing, I think, madam, there can be no doubt as to the inference to be drawn."

"Not much, Mr. Leonard—I thought so."

"But the game, madam, is very well played, I must say. The apothecary's boy came regularly with the medicines, as if it was the most serious case. There have been pills twice, saline draughts three times, and two—I think three—sleeping draughts. I mention these particulars to show you how carefully our officers do their duty."

"Very well, indeed," said Mrs. Upjohn; "and now as to the lady I wished you to have your eye on."

"I was coming to her. We have seen her, madam, and come to the conclusion that she is a very dangerous sort of person."

"She is a base wretch, Mr. Leonard."

"I can assure you, madam, that she is as corrupt a creature as any elector of Penrose; she is capable of receiving the paltriest bribes."

"Oh, I know it—I have long known it, Mr. Leonard; she is just as corrupt as she can be."

"You only do your fair friend justice, madam. I have a list here of the bribes she has actually pocketed—or, I should rather say, put in a neat little basket—in the course of two days at the Cavendish."

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Mrs. Upjohn, eagerly. "I know that little basket of hers so well."

"In the first place," he replied, giving full reins to his fancy, "a gooseberry tart, with only a small bit carved out of it, which I suppose Mrs. Rowley had; next, a lobster, all but one claw, with a bag of Naples biscuits; thirdly, some as fine strawberries as ever you saw.

And what do you think was under the strawberries?" he added, with a wink and a chuckle at his own invention—"one of the boxes of pills, ma'am, as sure as God's in Gloucester."

"And what inference do you draw from that?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"That the lobster had disagreed with her the night before," replied the ready Mr. Leonard, "and that the pills were not taken by Mrs. Rowley, because she is as well as you are."

"Really, you do your business wonderfully," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"Oh, ma'am! the lobster and the pills are nothing to what I have now to tell you. The serious matter is, that Miss Cateran has been dispatched to Paris."

"To Paris! You amaze me."

"She left town this morning, ma'am, by the early train, to catch the first packet to Dover."

Mrs. Upjohn trembled with rage, her lips were white, and her fingers quivered with agitation.

"You have active foes to deal with, madam," said Mr. Leonard, with his customary professional gravity, from which he seldom deviated for any long time.

"And what do you suppose she has been sent to Paris for?" said Mrs. Upjohn.

"We don't pretend to omniscience," said Mr. Leonard, "but it occurs to me that she is not sent to do you any service; and I think, madam, you would do well to follow her by the next boat."

"Oh, that's quite out of the question, Mr. Leonard. You can hardly be serious."

"Perfectly serious, madam, I assure you; but as you say it is impossible, I say no more. Only I thought, after your husband's defeat—excuse the liberty I take—but I fancied you were a lady who would not tamely put up with humiliation."

"In Heaven's name, sir, tell me what's to be done; but be practical, I implore you."

"Nothing, madam, as far as I can see," he replied, falling back in his chair with the air of a man who has got no more to add to what he has already said.

"Nothing, sir?"

"At least I don't see what better you can do than make it up with Mrs. Rowley, instead of quarrelling with her."

"Mr. Leonard!"

"She is a very important personage; in fact, a great lady, ma'am; and suppose the worst, that Mr. Rowley should die, and she should marry Mr. Alexander, she would probably keep a fine house, give grand entertainments, no end of dinners and balls, to bring out her daughters; in short, live in a splendid style; and the splendor would all be reflected on yourself, my dear madam, and your family."

"Mr. Leonard, you are too insolent; you want to offend me."

"Besides, who knows but she might be induced to reinstate your husband in the management of her property; which would be a very nice thing for him?"

"I can't stand this, sir; you forget yourself. I have not employed you that you should come here and insult me," gasped Mrs. Upjohn, almost inarticulate with anger.

"And, moreover," continued Mr. Leonard, with the same unrelenting coolness, "Mrs. Rowley, her husband being in Parliament, would naturally go to court, where, from all I hear, she is so well calculated to shine; and you would naturally have the advantage of being presented yourself, should you desire it."

Mrs. Upjohn could stand no more. For a moment she was speechless with wrath; then started up, and waving her hand with tremendous action, she commanded Mr. Leonard to begone.

He sat perfectly unmoved both by her passion and her orders; and merely said, in the quietest way:

"I have offered you terms of peace, my dear madam;—if you prefer war, say so."

"Have I not said so? Have I spoken of any thing else? You misunderstand me wilfully; for what purpose I don't know. I only want you to advise me what to do."

"Do!—since you ask me the question point-blank, and I see that you are really in earnest, I'll answer you in a very few words. Make use of the facts you already possess, instead of losing time in collecting more, which you can do very well without."

"I don't take you."

"Surely, madam, we possess sufficient information to open Mr. Rowley's eyes, as you call it, wide enough for all practical purposes."

"What purposes do you mean?"

"The punishment of his wife."

"And how?"

"Madam, I am astonished at a lady of your rare abilities asking such a question. Why do you think that clever friend of yours has been sent to Paris?"

"With some bad design, certainly; but I really have no distinct idea what it can be."

"Then, madam, I see it as clearly as I see you. Mrs. Rowley fears that, as her husband is displeased with her, and is in a very bad way, he may possibly make some change in his will, to her disadvantage. Miss Cateran's mission is to prevent that. Now, ought this move to be met on your part or not? If Mr. Rowley is in a frame of mind to change his will, it is for you to consider whether he ought not to be encouraged to do so; and change it to some purpose, which he would infallibly do if the facts of his wife's conduct were fully and clearly presented to his mind by a competent person."

"That would involve your going over to Paris."

"Why, ma'am, did I not tell you that Paris was my headquarters? There you must play the game, or throw up the cards."

"I will play the game, Mr. Leonard," cried Mrs. Upjohn, with desperate energy, rising and stamping the floor. "Consider that settled. Are you in a position to leave London?"

"To-day, or, at farthest, to-morrow."

"I place myself, Mr. Leonard, entirely in your hands."

"Just so, madam; you have only to give me *carte blanche*, and, if I don't redress every wrong and insult you ever received from that vile woman, your sister-in-law, my name is not Nicholas Leonard. But I must draw on you before I leave England."

"How much shall you want?"

"Two hundred, madam, for the present."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Leonard, how shall I ever raise two hundred pounds?—hereafter, of course."

"You have a husband, ma'am, and your husband, I have no doubt, has always a handsome balance at his banker's."

"But my husband must know nothing of all this. Besides, he is not come to town. I think I could let you have twenty at once."

"Two hundred, madam, not a penny less—it is only my retaining fee. You might as well offer an eminent barrister half a guinea. I must have two hundred before I stir a foot; and, as to raising it, I must only leave that to your financial genius, which will rise, I have no doubt, to the level of the situation."

When it came to the money question, no man could be more sternly serious than Mr. Leonard. There was no help for it. She sighed deeply, but undertook to have the money ready for a messenger to be sent for it in the course of the evening. Mr. Leonard now rose; but, as he was not to see her again before starting for the Continent, he said he had some advice to give her, which he prefaced by inquiring what kind of man her consort was.

"A simple, good-natured, easy man," was Mrs. Upjohn's rapid sketch of her husband. "For example, all the world wouldn't persuade him that Mrs. Rowley is not an angel of purity."

"He never opens your letters by any chance?"

"Open my letters! I should like to see him."

"Do you ever open his by any chance?"

"Often, and read them, too, when I choose to take the trouble."

"You had better see any letters he may receive from his brother just now. 'By your leave, gentle wax,' as immortal Billy has it. It is just possible Mr. Rowley might wish to see him. That would never do. You must not allow that."

"He shall stay at home, Mr. Leonard, you may depend on it."

"All right, madam. I shall always instruct you where to write, and what precautions to take in writing to me. Sometimes I may have occasion to employ a cipher, of which I shall provide you with a key. Occasionally, my brother will call on you. Confide in him as you do in me. And now, my dear madam, only one word more in parting. Talk of every subject in the world just now but what is uppermost in your mind. Remember what the great Frenchman called the true use of language—use it only to conceal your thoughts; and, if you can find a good word now and then for people who least deserve it from you, it would be the wisest tone to take. As I have more than once said to my lady clients, 'Be you the innocent flower,' leave me to perform 'the serpent under it.'"

"Two hundred pounds!" thought Mrs. Upjohn, when Leonard had

disappeared, like a meteor leaving a flashy train behind it, represented by his usual scrap of declamation—"Two hundred pounds! How am I to get it? And before six o'clock this very evening! My husband absent, too! It is a great deal of money, certainly; but that's not the question. It must be had, that's the long and the short of it. After all, I know no law against a wife writing her husband's name on a slip of paper, and I suppose what's not illegal can't be very wrong."

That she actually soliloquized in these exact words, it would be rash to assert; but they probably represent pretty nearly what passed through her mind, both premises and conclusion. She went straight down to her husband's study, first rummaged his desks and drawers in hopes of finding his check-book, which she had often seen lying about on his table, as if it was of no more consequence than a Bradshaw; then, not finding it, she took half a sheet of note-paper, scratched a check for the sum she wanted, as like her husband's rambling hand as she could scrawl, and, taking it to Messrs. Goldhammers', his bankers, where she was well known, received a Bank-of-England note in exchange, without a remark made, except a useful one which she made herself on the facility with which, after all, a hundred pounds or so may be raised when one has the wit to go the right way about it.

How wonderfully calming are great undertakings! How the mind grows tranquil under the influence of deep and large projects, such as now occupied the faculties of Mrs. Upjohn! No doubt, the parting advice of her new ally helped; but, whether the very magnitude and seriousness of her designs had stilled the passions which inspired them, or Mr. Leonard's prudent counsels had produced the desired effect, never was man so agreeably surprised as her husband was at the amiable reception he got on returning home, as he did that same evening. To himself personally, his defeat was a very slight disappointment; so when he found that his wife was able to bear it with resignation, and that the storm was so unexpectedly gone down, when he expected to find it raging worse than ever, he felt more comfortable than he had done for many a long day, and even ventured to compliment Mr. Alexander upon his handsome conduct in the business, and congratulate himself on having made his acquaintance.



CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS. ROWLEY ARRIVES IN PARIS—A REMARKABLE EVENING AT MR. WOODVILLE'S, AND WHO MADE THE GREATEST FIGURE ON THE OCCASION.

Mrs. Rowley's journey to Paris was broken only by a night's rest at Dover. The third day saw them all in the French capital, where the reader already has had an inkling of the miserable state of things that awaited them.

Fortunately, her journey in fine weather, and the air of the sea, had made such an improvement in Mrs. Rowley, as to enable her to meet the shock she received on arriving at her old apartments. Pushing the servants aside, thinking of nothing but her husband, she rushed to his chamber, and only discovered what had happened when she saw the bed vacant, and the room in all the alarming desolation of perfect order. There had been no time to apprise her of Mr. Rowley's flight, nor, indeed, anybody to do it; for the blow had been too much for Fanny, and she was taken dangerously ill on the night when we left Mr. Woodville doing what he could to comfort her.

"Where is he?—where is my husband?" cried Mrs. Rowley, rushing out again. In the corridor she met Miss Cateran, who knew not what to answer. "Where is he, Letitia? Tell me at once—don't dare to deceive me," she cried again, with the energy of terror.

Two thoughts, both dreadful, had in a moment occurred to Mrs. Rowley—one that he was dead, the other that he had been put into confinement.

Those extreme apprehensions were soon dispelled; but it was in vain that Miss Cateran attempted to restrain her from flying to his new apartments. There again she rushed past Thomson, and would have made her way over all obstacles to her husband's side, had not Dr. Lawrence met her, coming opportunely out of the bedroom, and, using gentle violence, pressed her back, while by his gestures he imposed silence.

Yielding at once to the medical authority, Mrs. Rowley allowed herself to be led through the *salon* to the antechamber, where no

conversation that took place could be overheard in her husband's room.

"Mrs. Rowley," said Lawrence, when they were alone, "you have always reposed confidence in me, and I expect you to repose it still. You must not see your husband as long as the present crisis lasts. In fact—"

"He has removed here to avoid me. Is it not so? I read the answer in your looks."

One or two more pointed questions, and one or two answers, more or less explicit, enabled a woman of Mrs. Rowley's apprehension to understand her situation perfectly. She had only to inquire what suggestions Lawrence had to make as to any possible means of allaying his patient's mental irritation, and gradually recalling him to reason.

"Would he allow Susan to come to him, do you think?"

Lawrence shook his head.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Rowley; "what can his daughters have done to offend him?"

"Nothing, of course; yet when he first came here he gave positive directions that Miss Fanny was not to follow him. At the same time," he added, "there ought to be a lady here to superintend his servants, manage every thing, and see that my instructions are carried out, and, if she were also a person whom he would not object to see and talk with, she might have opportunities of being useful in more ways than one, and to his family as well as to himself. What of the lady who came over to stay with your daughter?"

"She is just the sort of person you describe. My husband used to like her, which was the very reason I sent her over before me."

"He must know nothing of that; he must think she has dropped from the sky. Leave that to me. I will take an opportunity of mentioning her name, and if he expresses a wish to see her, she might then take up her quarters here, with or without his knowledge, according to circumstances. Or there is a *quatrième* to be let opposite to Mr. Woodville, if Miss Cateran should have any scruple about sharing Mr. Rowley's apartments."

At another time Mrs. Rowley would have smiled at the notion of Letitia scrupling to establish herself in such comfortable quarters.

"I fear you have travelled too soon; you are far from well yourself," continued Lawrence, observing how pale she looked and worn; for in an hour Mrs. Rowley seemed to have lost all the little she had gained on the journey.

"No, no," she replied, rising and summoning back, with a fine effort, all her spirit, and with it even a little of her complexion; "I am well enough—a crazy husband and a sick daughter are illness enough in the family—don't talk to me about myself—tell me what you think of my poor Fanny, before I see her."

"She is greatly shattered," said the doctor, "she has gone through a great deal too much for her; she will require the greatest care; and, fortunately, my dear Mrs. Rowley, you can devote yourself entirely to her, as here you can do absolutely nothing."

Dr. Lawrence walked back with Mrs. Rowley to the other house; and as they passed out of the gate he asked the *concierge* whether the *quatrième* was still *à louer*.

"Non, monsieur."

"Et le nouveau locataire?"

"Encore un Anglais, monsieur."

Mr. Woodville had been anxious about the letting of the chambers opposite his own; an agreeable neighbor is so pleasant, and there are so many little ways in which a disagreeable one may be troublesome. As he was going out the same evening, to call on Mrs. Rowley, he saw the new-comer for the first time. They met on the stairs, Woodville going down, the other going up; and the stranger made so good an impression that the artist congratulated himself upon having at least a quiet gentlemanlike man for his neighbor. There was hardly light to make very particular observations, but he seemed to be a grave man, about fifty, of the middle size, head rather round, hair black, and turning gray, complexion pale, dress plain and quiet. He had some books in his hand, which made Woodville conclude that he was literary or studious. For a day or two he saw no more of Mr. Sandford, for that was his name; but one night, just as he was preparing for bed, somebody knocked at his door, and when he went to it he found a person at it, who apologized for intruding at so unseasonable an hour, and begged a lucifer-match to light his candle. Woodville asked him to come in, and when the candle was lighted recognized his neighbor, and made

the usual civil speech, that no excuses were necessary, it was only a neighborly office, which he often stood in need of himself. It was no time for further parley, even on a summer night, as Woodville was only half-dressed, so the stranger simply thanked him, and retired; but, short a time as the incident took, it gave the artist still better idea of Mr. Sandford, who was evidently a reading man, for again he had books under his arm, possibly just purchased, or brought from a circulating library.

Mr. Woodville was now so satisfied that he had got a quiet, reading man for a neighbor, that he not merely saluted him, but stopped to talk to him the next day, meeting him on the stairs, and hoped he found his apartments comfortable. The conversation was very short, but there was a serious and melancholy tone in the few words uttered by the stranger, which interested the artist so much that he left his card on him next day. The visit was formally returned in due course. Woodville soon found that Mr. Sandford was nearly as retired in his habits as himself, evidently a bookish man, if not professionally a man of letters. His studious habits accounted for a stoop, which took something from his natural height. Woodville understood stoops, and could distinguish the stoop literary from the stoop official, the stoop mercantile, or the stoop legal. He had no doubt about Mr. Sandford's stoop, and determined to know more of him.

Every Wednesday night for many years Mr. Woodville held a reunion of his artistic and literary friends. They assembled at eight o'clock, and seldom broke up before twelve. There was conversation, and coffee, and smoking, of course, except when there were ladies, which, however, did not often happen. Mrs. Rowley and her daughters had repeatedly favored him with their company, and Woodville was proud to let his French friends see such good specimens of his countrywomen. It would have been vain now to have asked them to his Wednesdays. They were in too much trouble for that. But the next time he met Mr. Sanford he told him of his reunions, and hoped, whenever he was doing nothing better, he would drop in, though he had no entertainment to offer but talking and tobacco.

"Chosen leaf of bard and chief," said Mr. Sandford, with grave facetiousness, graciously accepting the artist's invitation. Nothing tells so well as a stroke of plausibility made by a melancholy man. The solitary stranger is a wit, thought Woodville, as well as a scholar. In the course of the day he repented, what he called Mr. Sandford's *mot*, to every one he met; and he was impatient for Wednesday to come round to introduce his new star into the firmament.

Indeed he had two stars to present, for he had made Arnold's acquaintance, and felt sure his appearance would make a sensation too; not only as a gigantic Englishman, but as a spiritual knight-errant, who might very well represent Saint George himself.

If he had wanted a lady, and a very clever and attractive one, too, to represent the women of England, since the Rowleys were not to be had, there was a lady who wanted only to be asked. Miss Ceteran had heard of Mr. Woodville's *soirées*, and though she was now settled in Mr. Rowley's apartment, she had not so much to do that she could not have run up to the top of the house for half an hour, to see the French nobilities; and she would not have interrupted the smoking either, for Letitia could now and then smoke a cigarette herself. But though Woodville met her at Mrs. Rowley's, and piqued her curiosity by mentioning all the great names he expected, above all, the interesting Mr. Sandford, he did not invite her on this occasion; she only hoped he would on another.

Woodville knew very well she was dying to be asked; he told Arnold so, and told him at the same time that he was determined not to ask her, she looked so sharp and had such critical eyes—the very same objections he had made so many years before to Mrs. Rowley. Certainly there was a good deal about Mr. Woodville's establishment, and especially his studio, on which an ill-natured critic might have made satirical remarks; and before his friends assemble a short description will not be out of place. His apartment had several advantages due to its altitude; it was airy, sunny, and quiet, in proportion to its height above the noise of the street. A little too near the pigeons it was certainly, and exposed to the serenades of amorous grimalkins; but it commanded a charming view for a city, looking down over the spacious gardens of all the numerous hotels in that brilliant *faubourg*. There were four pieces, of which the *salon*, which was also his studio, was the largest.

Some readers would probably like an inventory of the upholstery, but the owner had no inventory of it himself; in fact, it was not worth

cataloguing, while at the same time nothing could be less commonplace. On the contrary, you wondered how so many queer old things were got together, of all sorts of woods and stuffs, fashions, and epochs. But there was not a grain of dust on the oldest chair or sofa, thanks to Honoree; and, singular as the *ensemble* was, no room could possibly be more cheerful, particularly when it was lighted up well, and the light of every bougie was reflected by twenty odds and ends of looking-glass, besides two or three pendules and other articles of gilt antiquity. However, who thinks in a studio of any thing but works of art? The walls of Woodville's were hung with innumerable fragments, showing both the talent he possessed and the qualities he wanted. Here was a clever landscape, only that some of the trees had not put forth a leaf, while others were in full foliage. Here was a fine head with only one eye, which, being a good one, made you regret the more the want of its fellow. Again there was an orange-tree in full fruit, except a single orange which had never ripened, and was not even green. There was a great captain with one leg, and you might have supposed that he had lost the other very properly in battle, only that Woodville had not been so humane as to give him a wooden leg in exchange for it. Yet there was genius in all these *disjecta membra* of the pencil; and though he often got hard hits from some of his company, as his provoking peculiarities well deserved, he received from others, and often from his censors themselves, just compliments on the felicity of an idea or the brilliancy of some of his *moreaux*.

Among the unfinished things which had advanced little beyond the stage of conception were one or two great designs. There was a battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. One of the Centaurs in the foreground was a promising outline, but the head and one hoof only were finished; the horse looked as if it had been cut in twain, like Baron Munchausen's, by the fall of the portcullis. The artist may very well have dreaded the admission of such a keen observer as Miss Ceteran into an exhibition so open to criticism.

Woodville entertained Arnold that day at dinner before his friends met. Honoree could send up a little banquet very comfortably. She was, as we have said, cook and housemaid, and butler, and every thing, particularly excelling in a *sole au gratin* and an *omelette aux confitures*.

This preliminary dinner was just over about half an hour before the time of assembling came, and Woodville was just talking of Mr. Sandford and saying that they would probably find out in the course of the evening what his special pursuits were, or business in Paris, if any he had, when the door opened, and that gentleman was announced. He had a paper roll in his hand, and, after some apology and modest hesitation, said he hoped Mr. Woodville would permit him before his friends arrived to mention the outline of a design in which he had long been engaged, and which he was anxious to take every opportunity of submitting to the consideration of men of studious and artistic tastes. Woodville was delighted and assured him that nothing could possibly gratify himself or his friends more than to receive any communication of the kind. The discussion of a literary project was just the sort of thing to make his reunion pleasant.

He then presented Arnold to Mr. Sandford as a chivalrous enthusiast burning to extend the conquests of Christian civilization, and threw himself into an attitude of the most respectful attention.

"I am engaged then, gentlemen," said Sandford, "In trying to found a society, which provisionally allow me to call the Swiss Hamlet Voluntary Association, to consist in the first instance of perhaps about a score of members, artists, poets, men of letters, and elegant and refined pursuits in general, such as your own and those of the distinguished gentlemen whom I am to have the honor of meeting presently."

"A club in fact," said Woodville.

"A club you may call it, but of a novel and to some extent romantic and sentimental character. It is in fact an expansive realization of an idea of which the germ is to be found in Shakespeare, the sort of retired and rural community feigned to exist in the forest Ardennes with the melancholy Jacques, or that in the park of Navarre round the gay and elegant Biron, neither altogether, but something of both."

"It sounds charming," said Woodville; "excuse me, Mr. Sandford, but as you allude to Jacques, I cannot help remarking that there is something in you that irresistibly reminds me of that exquisite character, excuse me for taking the liberty of saying so."

"You only pay me too high a compliment," replied Sandford, with

the gravest of smiles, "you will think it curious when I tell you that my friends often call me Pensero. But permit me to resume. I trust my idea is practical, Mr. Woodville, as well as charming. I am essentially a man of practice, who is not in the habit of broaching plans which he has not maturely considered—

"Tis not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of long delay."

"What a beautiful and apt quotation!" said Woodville.

"Thus I argue the matter," pursued Sandford. "What men, like ourselves, do so often in parties of two or three, what is there to prevent us from doing in greater numbers? If there is nothing easier and nothing more common than for a few sympathizing friends to retire for a portion of the year into some enchanting and well-chosen seclusion, and there live as they fancy, or by whatever rules they choose to establish, why may not fifty or a hundred men of harmonious habits and tastes agree to do the same thing? Reflect for a moment, and you will see that even in these prosaic days there is nothing chimerical in what I propose."

"Really, as you put it," said Woodville, greatly interested, "I cannot see that there is. Quite the contrary."

"I see your friend smiles," said Sandford; "but I ask him confidently to point out any thing impracticable in it."

"He is engaged himself," said Woodville, "in enterprises ten times as wild."

"My enterprise will not clash with Mr. Sandford's," said Arnaud; "I beg he will proceed with his statement."

"I am quite prepared for the charge of being Utopian," resumed the stranger; "but there is a great deal in Utopia which (excuse the paradox) is not Utopian. An illustration just occurs to me. Observe that grand Centaur of Mr. Woodville's—for a grand work I must call it, unfinished as it is. The Centaur himself is a monster, but not so the head, with its glorious eye—not so the limbs of the horse, or that hoof, which I am afraid of a kick from even at this distance. There is more truth and reality, after all, in the Centaur than mere imagination. So with the conception from which I borrow the scheme of my society. I eliminate the pure romance, and out of the remaining realities I construct a plan to which I have already obtained so many adherents that we are already discussing where and when to make our first experiment."

"I can imagine nothing more captivating," cried Woodville, who had been growing more and more excited as Sandford proceeded, as well as very naturally gratified by the way in which he illustrated his ideas; "I think you give yourself needless trouble in defending your project from the imputation of being visionary. Why should not a hundred men have a village as well as one man a villa for the season? Put my name down at all events, my dear sir; and I think there are many of my friends who will be happy to join."

"I shall be proud to explain myself more in detail when they arrive," said Mr. Sandford.

"May I make bold to ask, sir," said Woodville timidly, "what first led you to form a plan of such a seductive nature—such a happy blending of the pleasures of society with the pensiveness of the hermitage?"

Mr. Sandford sighed, faltered, and gravely answered:

"The old story, Mr. Woodville: disgust with the world; disgust with the commonplaces of life; misfortune to some extent, but taste more; taste for books, for the country, for social enjoyment relieved from fashionable formalities; in short, gentlemen, for nature, art, literature, virtue, and liberty."

The *literati* now began to drop in, and from the important air with which Woodville presented them successively to his speculative and sentimental countryman, they could not but feel that no slight honor was conferred upon them by the introduction.

It was one of Woodville's most brilliant evenings. There were assembled, among others, Florimel and Roseneur, painters, whose *peyages* were considered delicious. There was Cesar Legrand, famous for his battle-pieces; and Le Gros-Sauvageon, who excelled in scenes of terror and desolation. His great work was the "Last Day at the North Pole." There was also De La Rue, painter of city life. There was an "Organ-Grinder" of his who made those who saw the picture stop their ears with their fingers. Among the bards was Chevelu, a dithyrambic poet, with a beard like a comet's tail—if there are comets with black tails in any part of the firmament. He looked as if he was

always expecting the moment of inspiration, and ready to burst into song. There was Sournois, a theatrical critic; and La Squelette whose *melodrames* were making all Paris shudder. The rest were a miscellaneous group, including an abbé, some journalists, two novelists—one English, one French—an antiquarian, and a professor of entomology.

Woodville was far too ardent and bitten by Mr. Sandford's enterprise to allow any other topic to take precedence, though Chevelu was burning to recite his last ode, and the entomologist had a new theory to explain the *modus operandi* in biting of a flea and its congeners. So the cigars and pipes were no sooner lighted than the Joint-Stock-Swiss-Hamlet-Association was again on the *tapis*, Woodville first giving a short *résumé* of the proposal.

Most of Woodville's friends understood English pretty well, though they did not all speak it; and accordingly the conversation of the evening was mostly in that language, chiefly in consideration of Mr. Sandford and Arnaud. The former, as was natural for so shy a man, had fallen into the background while the company thickened; but being pressed forward by his host, he resumed the explanations of his plan with all the enthusiasm of a projector.

"I have recommended my plan," he said, "to my English friends on the authority of our illustrious Shakespeare; and now I have the honor of presenting it to Frenchmen with the sanction of one of the most renowned names in their literature—I need hardly say that I mean the famous curate of Meudon."

"How universally read he is!" said Woodville, aside to the English novelist.

"Oh, yes," said one of the Frenchmen, addressing the projector; "I easily recognize the Gargantuan Abbey in your free and joyous community."

"The principle of that institution," said Sandford, "is precisely the principle of mine. The inhabitants of my Swiss village will lead exactly the same tranquil life, removed from the distractions, vulgarities, and rogueries of the world, every one following the bent of his humor. The poets will lie in the shade and rhyme, the geologist will collect specimens, and the entomologist will enlarge his acquaintance with the insect world."

"A Swiss chalet," said M. Sournois, "is just the place for that."

"Tant mieux!" cried the entomologist; "apropos des puces, messieurs—"

"Qu'il est ennuyant avec ses puces!" muttered M. Chevelu, burning with impatience to recite his stanzas.

It only required the slightest interruption of Mr. Sandford's tedious explanations of his scheme to cut them short altogether. Only one or two, besides Woodville himself, wanted to hear any more of his manderings.

"A man of one idea," said Doctor Lawrence.

"But what a good one!" said Woodville, displeased with his company for not hearing Mr. Sandford further, which they were determined not to do.

M. Chevelu settled the matter by reciting his ode, which he had no sooner finished, when M. Papillon, the entomologist, seized his opportunity, and cried—

"Maintenant, M. Woodville, attrapez-moi une puce—je vais expliquer—"

"Demandez cela à Honorine," said Woodville, testily; "vous attraperiez bien autre chose."

M. Papillon was forced to give up all hopes of occupying attention. The remainder of the soirée passed in the usual way, the company chatting in little knots, and Woodville and Sandford still discussing in a corner the scheme which everybody else was tired of. At the usual hour the party began to break up, and nobody remained but Arnaud, Sandford, and the doctor. Woodville then asked Lawrence about his patient on the *premier*.

"No change," he replied, "except for the worse. He has been inquiring for a book on the English law of conspiracy."

"That will not be easily got in Paris," said the artist.

"Impossible," said Lawrence; "but to-morrow he will probably have forgotten all about it. In fact, if he continues a week longer in this state, he must be removed to a *maison de santé*."

Mr. Sandford, who seemed not to have been paying any particular attention to this conversation, now rose and retired, bowing in respectful silence to the doctor and Arnaud.

"An interesting man, is he not?" said Woodville, instantly.

"He has a trick of winking which I don't admire," said Arnaud.

"Trick of winking!" said the artist, laughing; he is suffering with an affection of the upper eyelid, a paralytic of the *levator* muscle, which causes the fall of the lid—we call it *ptosis*, eh, Lawrence?"

"I should rather say it was spasmodic action of the *orbicularis palpebrarum*, which receives a branch of the seventh or facial nerve," said the doctor.

Arnaud was too modest to have an opinion of his own, after so learned a discussion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON PICTURES TAKEN BY LIGHTNING.

METEOROLOGY continued, until a comparatively recent period, the land of marvels. Despite the immense tracts which modern science has "won from the void and formless deep," atmospheric phenomena, in great part, even now defy prediction. The connection between these phenomena is still a desideratum; although, from its high philosophical, practical, and moral importance, it has been in all ages and countries an object of search. Peculiarly fitted to inspire (almost at the same moment) delight and terror, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, hail, etc., have been the constant resort of the poets for embellishment, and of the moralists for warning; and thus, while appealing to all, they have been attentively studied by few. Within a few years, however, a change has been taking place; and, since the *whole* subject is being examined, we may confidently expect that ere long this "no-man's land" will be appropriated, and the science of meteorology be *bona fide* construction.

One of our foremost meteorologists, in a late publication, has done the cultivators of this growing science a service which cannot be too highly prized—advanced the science itself, while his narrative, we have little doubt, will be a source of wonder and delight to the general reader. M. Andres Poey (to whom we refer), Director of the Royal Observatory at Havana, after having called attention to the subject in several successive memoirs to the Meteorological Society of France, and to the French Academy of Sciences, published, in 1861, an historical narrative of well-authenticated "lightning-pictures," to which he added a thoroughly scientific discussion of their theory, and their filiation to those images obtained with artificial electricity by Riess, Karsten, Talbot, Grove, etc. From this work, entitled "*Relation historique et Théorie des Images Photo-électriques de la Foudre*," the second edition of which, revised and enlarged, is before us, we extract the following instances, believing that they are not generally known. All discussions of their theory must be left for a future occasion:

1. "The first mention," says M. Poey, "of this singular property of lightning is found in one of the Fathers of the Church, who relates it in a circumstantial manner as having been shown upon the persons and garments of the workmen engaged in rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem (A. D. 360). The Jews, having obtained permission from the Emperor Julian to rebuild their temple, were preparing to lay the foundations, when there took place an earthquake, preceded by a whirlwind, torrents of rain, and peals of thunder; while following it globes of fire burst from the bowels of the earth, and the same evening there appeared a parselene, or 'mock-moon.' The workmen running for safety to a neighboring Catholic church, fire burst from the foundations of the temple, and crosses were found imprinted upon the persons and garments of both workmen and spectators. These crosses were dim during the day, brilliant and radiant at night. St. Gregory Nazianzen alone mentions the crosses, though many contemporaries mention the other phenomena. St. Ambrose, who was in the West, addressed, shortly afterward, a letter to the Emperor Theodosius; and St. Chrysostom, who lived in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, delivered an oration against 'Jews and Gentiles,' but no mention of the cross occurs in either, although both contained accounts of the occurrence at Jerusalem considered as a miraculous fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah, in relation to the Jews after the triumph of the Gospel. There seems, however, no reason to reject the evidence of Gregory, who has left us the most faithful account of all the incidents of this celebrated event. He says that, when the fire burst from the foundations of the temple, some were burnt up, others were injured, while all carried visible marks of their peril. But the most peculiar and remarkable part of it was, the appearance in the sky of a light in the form of a cross enclosed in a ring. He adds, 'the bright light, imprinted upon the persons or garments,

surpassed in brilliance and beauty all that art and ability could give to painting or embroidery in colors.'—[For a part of this so-called prodigy the reader should consult Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vol. iii., p. 160, with notes by Milman and Guizot. The difference between the last century and the present was never more forcibly presented. Even in skepticism the great historian is surpassed by the two evangelical writers named. Gibbon's cautious suggestion of the doubts which *philosophers* should hold on the existence of such occurrences, recalls vividly the doubts of the man so much commended by Mr. Mill, who, on being asked how many five and four were, refused to answer until informed to what purpose his interrogator intended to apply the information—that is the eighteenth century; while the nineteenth accepts the facts, but studies on all their sides to find the law which governs them. In translating, this case has been compressed; some incidental matters being omitted.—Tn.]

2. "We find a second case of the formation of a cross by the action of lightning at a much later day than that mentioned by Gregory Nazianzen. The following observation was made in England by Dr. John Still, Bishop of Wells. The then Bishop of Ely, hearing of it from his brother of Wells, communicated it to Isaac Casaubon, by whom it was published in the *Adversaria* (A. D. 1610-1611). This is his language: 'The Bishop of Wells tells at the present time a very strange story. About fifteen years ago, while the people were attending divine service in the cathedral of Wells, two or three very loud peals of thunder were heard; so terrible were they that all present, out of fright, threw themselves flat upon the ground. The thunder-bolt struck the field without injuring any one. But what is surprising, though vouched for by many witnesses, is this, that crosses were found imprinted upon the bodies of those who were convened in the church. The bishop's wife made the discovery. She informed her husband that she had the figure of a cross imprinted upon her person, which she regarded as the effect of a miracle; the bishop laughing at her, that lady at once proved the truth of her assertion. He immediately found a similar mark upon his own person (on his arm, if I remember correctly). Of those present some had it upon the shoulders, others upon the breast, etc. Such is the fact as reported by the Bishop of Ely, who assured me that it was thoroughly confirmed, and had all the authenticity any one could desire.'

3. "At the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 1660, we find a third mention of the formation of a cross. This fact was communicated to Father Kircher, who, the next year, published, at Rome, a long dissertation on the subject. After the volcanic eruption, crosses, it seems, appeared upon garments made of flax, such as the frills of chemises, aprons, sheets, etc., which had been exposed to the air during its continuance. These crosses were very numerous in several parts of the kingdom of Naples. The Jesuit who sent the account to Father Kircher says, that he had counted thirty of them upon an 'altar-cloth'; that fifteen had been found upon the sleeve of a chemise, while eight had been seen on a child's bib. According to the description of Father Kircher, the color, the size, and the forms, were very different. Pure water would not remove these marks, soap was necessary to effect this.

4. "Besides the formation of crosses, other impressions of lightning not less remarkable than the preceding are related. For example, lightning struck (July 18, 1689) the steeple of the church Saint-Sauveur at Lagny, France. In an instant it impressed upon the 'altar-cloth' the sacred formula of the consecration of the mass, commencing with *Qui pridie quam patetur*, etc., and including *Hoc quatuorcumque feceritis, in mei memoriam facietis*; while it omitted those words which, being printed in larger characters than the rest, appeared on the page in red letters, to wit: *Hoc est corpus meum* and *hic est sanguis meus*. It should be noted that the words imprinted upon the altar-cloth were identical with the typography of the page, with this difference, that the letters were reversed from right to left. Moreover, the words that the lightning did not imprint were in red letters, save only the Q of *Qui pridie*, which was traced, in red, so lightly on the cloth as to be almost illegible.

5. "In 1786, Leroy, member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, related that Franklin had often repeated that, forty years before, a man, standing in a doorway during a storm, saw lightning strike a tree directly opposite to him, and that, by a species of prodigy, the *counter-proof* of the tree appeared afterward on the man's breast.

6. "In 1812, about four miles from the city of Bath, near the village of Combe Hay, England, there was a forest, composed in great

part of hazels and oaks. In the centre of this wood there was a little field, about fifty yards square, where six sheep were lying when killed by lightning. While they were being dressed, there was observed, upon the inside of each skin, or between the skin and the flesh, a *fac-simile* of the surrounding scenery so faithfully reproduced that even the minor accidents of it could be recognized. These skins were at the time publicly exhibited in the city of Bath. [This truly remarkable case was communicated to the London Meteorological Society at its meeting, March 24, 1857, by Mr. James Shaw, while considering my memoir upon such subjects. His language is as follows: 'When the skins were taken from the animals, a *fac-simile* of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin. . . . I may add that the small field and its surrounding wood was so well known to me and my school-fellows that, when the skins were shown to us, we at once identified the local scenery so wonderfully represented.'—Poe's note to second edition.]

7. "An aged man in Cuba, who considers himself about eighty years old, relates that he knew, in his youth, an individual upon whose right arm lightning had imprinted a *coin*, which was found on the table upon which he was leaning.

8. "M. José Blanco, a lawyer of Havana, relates that he has often heard his father say, that a countryman, who was riding through a wood, was overtaken by a storm, and that the *metallic cross* of his rosary was *engraved upon his breast* with precision, but that he could find no trace of the cross itself, which had completely disappeared. His horse was killed by the stroke.

9. During the year of the inauguration of the Audience Pretorial of Havana, lightning struck the edifice. In its course it killed a cat, which was suckling her young ones. On the belly of this cat there appeared a *ring*, two and a half inches in diameter, which was attributed to the reproduction, by means of lightning, of a larger ring found at a little distance from her.

10. "In the province of Jibacoa, Cuba, in August, 1823, lightning imprinted, upon the trunk of a large tree, the image of a nail bent in the opposite direction to that of one which was found in an overhanging branch.

11. "In September, 1825, lightning struck the brigantine *Il Buono Servo*, at anchor in the bay of Armiro, Italy. A sailor, sitting at the foot of the foremast, was killed by the stroke. There appeared upon his back a trace (light yellow and black), beginning at the neck and extending to the waist, which proved to be the imprint of an *iron horse*, perfectly distinct, and of the same size as one nailed upon the mast.

12. "The foremast of another brigantine was struck in the roadstead of Zante, Italy. Under the left breast of a sailor killed (by the stroke), the number 44 was seen, which, all his comrades asserted did not exist before. These two figures, large, well formed, with a point in the middle, were exactly like the same number in metal, fastened to the rigging between the mast and the hammock in which the sailor was lying when struck.

13. "M. José María Dau, of Havana, relates that in 1828, in the province of Calendaria, Cuba, there was discovered, under the right ear and on the side of the neck of a young man killed by lightning, the image of an *iron horse* which stood at a little distance from his window.

14. "M. Pedro Salavarria relates that in 1830 he knew a dame of Trinidad, Cuba, who was struck by lightning in her youth, and upon whose belly it had imprinted a metallic comb, which she carried in her apron.

15. "On November 14, 1830, the chateau of Benatonièire, near the sands of Olonne, Vendée, was struck by lightning. The next day, on the back of a robe, there was discovered the image of two parts of the back of a chair upon which a lady had been sitting at the moment the lightning struck the apartment. These imprints were as exact as if they had been carefully painted.

16. "On October 9, 1836, a thunder-bolt fell near Zante and killed a young man. The dead body had, at the middle of the right shoulder, *six flesh-colored rings*, which appeared more distinct as the rest of the skin was discolored. These rings met in a point and were of three different sizes, corresponding exactly with gold coins which the young man had in the right side of his girdle. Those present satisfied themselves by making the comparison on the spot. This case has considerable correspondence with that of the reproduction of the formula of the mass, cited above (No. 4).

17. "In July, 1841, in the department of Indre-et-Loire, lightning struck a magistrate and a miller's boy. It was remarked with surprise that they had upon their breasts some spots exactly like the leaves of the poplar, in the neighborhood of which tree they were struck. On the magistrate these marks were gradually effaced as circulation was restored. On the miller's boy, who was killed, they were slightly enfeebled the next day, owing to the commencement of decomposition.

18. "Madame Morosa, of Lugano, sitting before a window during a storm, felt a shock from which she experienced no bad effects; however, a *flower*, which was in the path of the electric current, was delineated perfectly upon her leg, and this image she carried through life.

19. "July 24, 1852, on the plantation of Saint Vincent, Cuba, lightning struck a palm-tree, and engraved upon the dry leaves the *image of surrounding pines*, as if it had been done by an engraver, although they were at the distance of three hundred and thirty-nine metres (nearly a quarter of a mile).

20. "In August, 1853, a young woman in the United States, at the moment of a brilliant flash of lightning, found herself before a window, opposite to which stood a hazel-tree; the *complete image of the tree* was reproduced on her person.

21. "'I have a hundred times heard related in my childhood,' says M. Raspail, 'a fact of this kind, of which the whole neighborhood were witnesses: A boy had gone up an Italian poplar-tree, to rob a bird's-nest. Lightning struck the boy and flung him to the ground. The poor unfortunate had upon his breast the picture of the tree, upon a branch of which could be easily distinguished the *nest* and the *bird* he so much coveted.'

22. "At the meeting of the Meteorological Society of France, February 13, 1855, in discussing my communication M. de Brimont related that he had seen upon the back of a person, seathed by lightning, the imprint of a coin, which he had at the time in his pocket. This fact had been mentioned at one of the late meetings of the Photographic Society of France.

23. "In September, 1857, a peasant-woman of Seine-et-Marne was struck by lightning, under a tree, while watching a cow. The cow was killed, and her mistress lay motionless. Some attentions, promptly given, restored consciousness; but, in removing her garments to aid her, there was found, perfectly engraved upon her breast, the *image of the cow*.

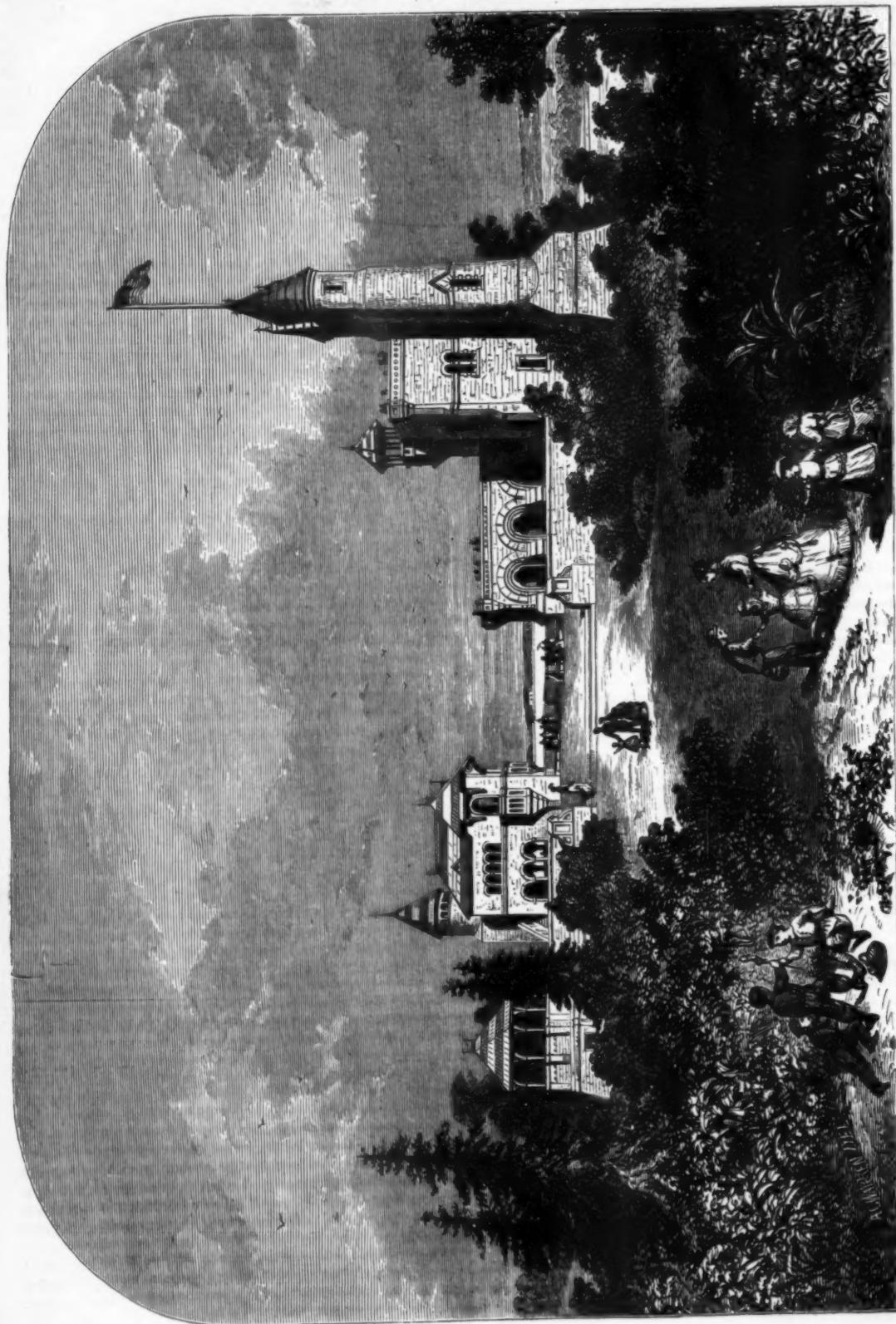
24. "August 16, 1860, lightning struck the mills of Lappion, Aisne, belonging to M. Carlier. Upon the back of a woman, forty-four years of age, the lightning left traced, in red tint, the reproduction of a *tree*, whose *trunk*, *branches*, and *leaves*, could be distinguished. Her clothes presented no trace of the passage of that element."

We must leave this interesting narrative to point its own moral for the present, at least, as our article is already too long. We have little doubt that many cases like those mentioned above have occurred, which, owing to superstition or carelessness, are hopelessly lost. But now, when their high importance is recognized, as, for instance, by the eminent astronomer Sir John Herschel ("Meteorology," p. 138), where he asserts that, "should they be verified, they would open up quite a new field of electrical research," we may rest assured that all future instances will be accurately described.

THE BELVIDERE AT CENTRAL PARK.

THE illustration of the Belvidere at Central Park, which is given in this number of the JOURNAL, is engraved from the plans and drawings in the commissioners' office, which were most kindly placed at the disposition of our artist, the construction of the building having scarcely progressed above the foundations. The Belvidere is located upon a rocky point at the southwestern corner of the small reservoir, on the highest ground in the Ramble, and in its construction will conform to the natural surface of the ground, thus presenting a peculiarly unique appearance.

As the name indicates, the object of the Belvidere is to afford to visitors a suitable place from which to obtain comprehensive views of the Park. In providing this lookout, the commissioners have studied the ornamental as well as the useful. The



"THE BELVIDERE, CENTRAL PARK."

style of architecture is different from any thing in this country, and, as some portions are left open, the whole will present an entirely different appearance from every point of view; the general effect being that of a cluster of quaint houses around a tower, such as is often seen upon the Rhine. A due regard to the laws of architectural harmony has been observed, and there will be no such extent of front, or altitude of tower, as would tend to dwarf the other structures in the Park. The tower, on the southeasterly extremity of the building, is so located as to be in the central line of the Mall, and will therefore be the first and most prominent object upon which the eye will rest, as one walks up the Mall toward the lake.

The entire building will be constructed of solid granite, no other material being used in any portion, and, when finished, will be a graceful and enduring monument to the public spirit of the commissioners and the taste of the architect. It will command attractive views of the whole of the lower park and of the expanse of the two reservoirs, together with glimpses of many of the most beautiful spots in the upper park. Every convenience will be afforded to visitors to avail themselves of the advantages of the Belvidere. It will be kept exclusively for the use for which it is designed, and will not serve as the repository for curiosities, statuary, or any thing that would serve to distract attention from the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded.

REMINISCENCES OF INMAN THE ARTIST.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A CONTEMPORARY.

SARATOGA, August 6, 1829.

I CALLED this morning on my friend Henry Inman, who is spending a few days in the village. When I went in, I found Vanderlyn, the favorite pupil of Gilbert Stuart, with him. He, however, soon went away, and left us together. Inman looks haggard and worn. He seemed glad to see me, and gave me more of his confidence than usual, intimate as we are. To-day he related to me the particulars of his early life-struggles. I listened attentively while he unfolded before me pages in the history of his inner life. He has a beautiful mind, the most exquisite perception of moral, intellectual, and natural beauty, and a keen relish of the harmonies. He possesses the choicest social qualities and the finest sensibilities. Indeed, his feelings are so delicate, that it requires a very refined nature to understand him. As a natural consequence, he is often misunderstood by coarser minds.

In speaking of his early life, Mr. Inman said: "From my boyhood my greatest recreation was a pencil and piece of paper. My father was possessed of a harsh, uncompromising temper, and thought every one must be brought up alike. He had made up his mind to dispose of me very differently from what my taste suggested. But my mother was gentle and persuasive; she spoke in my behalf, and argued that my success would be far greater in a branch of business that suited my talents. Shortly after this, my father met John Wesley Jarvis, the painter, who was then in the zenith of popular favor. He spoke of me to him, and procured an interview. Jarvis at once proposed to take me (then only fifteen) as a pupil. Soon afterward, I went with him to Albany, where we put up at Crittenden's, the most expensive hotel in the place. He represented me as a wonderful boy, and kept me living at great expense, thereby creating a taste for a style of life far above my means to support. Here he left me for several weeks, while he went to a distant city to fulfil an engagement. When he returned, I told him I was in difficulty; that I had incurred heavy expenses in his absence, and had no means to pay my bills; and that I had written to my father for advice, but had received for an answer that he had no money to give me, and I must take care of myself. 'Then,' said Jarvis, 'you must paint. You can paint now better than any one in this country except me; and you can paint cabinet-pictures, in a style in which I will instruct you, that will consume but little time. You can turn them off very fast, and charge low, say five or six dollars; you can paint half a dozen in a week. I will speak to all the great people here, and tell them what a wonderful lad you are; you will soon have plenty of work. You can stay here this winter and pursue this course, while I go to New Orleans. I will pay what I can of Crittenden's bill already run up, and in the spring,

upon my return, we will begin again in New York.' Jarvis was as good as his word, and during that winter I painted *every member* of the Legislature, which brought me in a considerable sum. Jarvis, though very dissipated and careless in money matters, was always very kind-hearted and liberal, and willing to share all he had with me. My disposition was timid, and I never received any encouragement from my father; but Jarvis wound himself round my heart by his kindly sympathy. He always tried to make me believe I was equal to any thing I had a mind to undertake. The best society and the finest abilities in the State congregated at Crittenden's; and my stay had its advantages in that respect."

I recollect well a morning passed in Inman's studio last spring. We had considerable talk of pictures, and of one in particular that happened to be at the time on his easel—a picture of a little boy of two years of age. On my expressing my surprise at his having attained a perfect likeness of a sitter who was not one moment quiet, he replied that it was difficult; it made him a little nervous, but that he painted parts—the form of the head and features—while the child sat asleep in the nurse's lap; for the rest, he gave him some toy, and, when he was full of delight, caught the expression.

I remarked, it had often surprised me to see pictures where the form and features were correct, and yet entirely spoiled by the expression—either the absence of expression, or a smile about the mouth, in which the other features did not participate. The expression lacked harmony—the indescribable play of the features was wanting.

"Ah, yes," cried he, "there you have it! I always consider, when I fail to convey in a picture the play of the features free from constraint, that I have failed altogether—it is all labor lost."

I remember Inman's showing me a portrait of Miss T——, the general's daughter. He had taken great pains with the composition of it. A friend, who was with me, found fault with it, and told him the attitude was not natural. He was a little nettled by the criticism. My friend doubtless was wrong, as that is a part of the picture which had been greatly admired by artists. Miss T—— was celebrated for her beauty, and, when abroad, appeared at the different courts of England, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, etc., where she was styled "The beautiful American." She has the most perfect self-possession I ever saw in one of her age, for she is now only eighteen. After her return, several artists were engaged to paint her, but the pictures were declared by her father and admirers failures. I asked Inman what he thought of her face—if people did not err in styling it symmetrical, and if he were not surprised to observe one of her age so entirely placid and unmoved under all circumstances. He said he was—that her features, considered separately, were far from handsome, but, as a whole, they produced a very agreeable impression. "But, in illustration of your last remark," he continued, "I will tell you what happened when her father brought her to see me, and engaged my services. He began by telling me how sadly he had been disappointed in all the likenesses taken of his daughter; how much trouble she had given herself to sit for his gratification, and with how little success—that persons who had much reputation, and succeeded with others, failed here, etc. To relieve us from a conversation which was rather embarrassing, I turned to Miss T——, and in a playful manner said, 'Let me look at your face, Miss T——, and see if I can discover what it is which makes your face so difficult to paint.' Instead of bursting into a laugh, as most girls would, or blushing a little, and thus imparting a higher interest to the expression of her features, she turned her face toward me, without the least change of expression, and with the utmost coolness, as if the face had belonged to a third party. 'Alas,' thought I, 'it is sad to think your friends should have taken so much pains to repress in you the natural expression of those emotions which are so beautiful and so natural to youth, and which impart to them an interest which no accomplishment can give!'"

I remember, also, seeing on one of his easels a very sweet picture of a young girl, in a straw gypsy trimmed with a simple blue ribbon. On inquiring who was the original, he showed me an extremely awkward likeness by a rude hand, from which he assured me he had composed this. He stated that the young lady was dead, and this sketch, by an unskilled artist, was all the parents possessed of their child. The family assured him that his likeness was a perfect representation of the original. What a beautiful and wonderful art! It seems as if it might belong to angels both in its earthly and spiritual attributes!

The rapidity with which Inman paints is marvellous. A few months since a gentleman (by preconcerted arrangement) came into his studio accompanied by his father, an aged Revolutionary veteran. The gentleman had long been desirous of having his father sit for his portrait, but the latter had always resolutely refused; and he now came into Inman's room ignorant that it was an artist's studio. Inman placed the old veteran in his sitter's chair, took a seat at a desk, and began to converse with him about his exploits in the Revolutionary war, and of General Washington, and the great men who figured in that struggle for liberty, and soon the old gentleman was quite absorbed in his narrations. After half an hour had been thus employed, the son walked up to Inman's desk, and, looking over his shoulder, involuntarily exclaimed: "Why, it is perfect!"

The old gentleman started to his feet, "Surely," cried he, "you have not stolen my likeness?" It was even so; and never was there a more perfect portrait.

Inman tells me that when he has made himself comfortable in circumstances by portrait-painting, he intends to go abroad * and paint several pieces which lie enshrined in his thoughts and only require time and opportunity to embody and render tangible. He has met with many disappointments, but he never croaks nor complains of the world's churlishness. In person he is somewhat short and thick-set. He has a rather large head, which seems bigger on account of an abundance of light-brown hair which grows low down on his forehead, and injures somewhat the appearance of his head. His eyes are light blue, and his nose rather (as he playfully expresses it) of the "*snub order*" belonging to a particular order of classical noses." The expression of his face is not particularly striking, but exceedingly amiable, and about the mouth and chin there is much sweetness. The latter contains a dimple. He has a large share of that simplicity and enthusiasm in his pursuits which are the concomitants of true genius. He possesses, also, an exquisite imagination. A constant succession of beautiful images seems to pass before him when he is in health or spirits. But the imagination takes its tone from the state of the health which affects the mind; and they who in health revel amid a world of ideal splendor, pay a heavy tax when sickness, sorrow, and suffering clothe every object which imagination presents in the most revolting or gloomy drapery. One expression which he made to me I shall never forget. "For myself," he said, "much rather would I sleep where the moonbeams would convert into diamonds the dew-drops gathering on the rosebuds, than to lie beneath the dome of St. Peter's—rather rest where the soft, south wind would wake the fragrance of blossoms which affectionate hands had planted, than to moulder in the chambers of the eternal pyramids."

A LOST CHANCE FOR ART.

NEW YORK has good cause to mourn the recent decease of Mr. Henry Keep, railroad operator and millionaire; for, had his life been prolonged for a year or two, the city would have been adorned and benefited by an institution whereof there is abundant need, though with small present hope of its establishment. The subject is by no means devoid of interest; and we write of it with entire knowledge of the facts.

It was the purpose of Mr. Keep—as we have heard from his own lips—to devote a million of dollars to the promotion of artistic taste in this community. To this end, he proposed to build an edifice, on a grand scale, suitable for the permanent exhibition of works of art. As to the mode of filling it with such works, he had implicit belief that other men of wealth and liberality would, when it was built, hasten to offer their contributions. Herein Mr. Keep may, or may not, have erred in judgment. To that point we shall probably return, and, in the mean time, only pause to remark, that he declared himself equally willing to expend his own million upon pictures and statuary, if any other person or persons would expend a like

* Inman's intention in this respect was carried out in the latter portion of his life. In 1844, he went to England, under the patronage of Lord Morpeth, who greatly admired his works. While there he painted very excellent likenesses of several distinguished persons, among whom were Doctor Chalmers and Wordsworth.

amount upon the edifice. But his original idea was not only a serious one—he began to carry it out. For the destined site, he bought a plot of ground, with a frontage of two hundred feet on the Fifth Avenue, and occupying the entire space between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet. A finer or more appropriate situation could not have been selected. Being subsequently offered a very large advance upon the price that he had paid for this ground, Mr. Keep declined to enter into any negotiation concerning it, alleging as his reason that he had made the purchase for a specific object. And he went further still. Within a few months past, in spite of the pressure of exacting occupations and the drawback of impaired health, he attentively and approvingly studied an elaborate design submitted to him by an able architect—a design remarkable at once for its beauty and fitness. Nevertheless, he still postponed, from time to time, the coming to any definite conclusion—now, with his well-known shrewdness, dwelling upon the current high prices of labor and material; now, with the sensitiveness of a noble and generous instinct, lamenting that more than one of his brothers in wealth had thrown cold water upon his project. Time, however, waits for no man; neither does disease. Mr. Keep's waning life flickered out, and his useful and honorable career was closed ere his prime of years was past, and ere his cherished fancy was converted into brick and marble. Nor, in one sense, do his works follow him. His last will and testament, dated almost from his death-bed, makes no provision for, or allusion to, his intent while living. Should we wonder thereat? By no means. Impending dissolution has a tendency to concentrate a man's earthly regard upon the immediate circle of his home and his household; and his desire, laudable in active life, to be associated with public improvements and the general welfare of his fellow-citizens, fades at the final hour before a more natural yearning toward those of his own flesh and blood.

Thus, while it is the universal custom to mourn—sometimes not without a dash of hypocrisy—over the graves of actual public benefactors; we are assuredly sincere in this expression of sorrow at the death of Mr. Keep. Think of it—how much has not New York lost! The munificence of the late Mr. John Jacob Astor and of his living son, Mr. William B. Astor, has provided us with a library of surpassing excellence. Well is this for literature and learning. But, in the matter of art, was ever a rich and vaunting metropolis so miserably deficient? For amateurs, nothing; for students, nothing. It may not perhaps be of much moment that, for the sons and daughters of fashion, there is no enduring collection of this sort whereby their taste may be improved; but, for the sake of both masters and artisans following various trades in which good taste is an element of success, it is profoundly to be regretted that, in this essential, we are absolutely destitute. Nothing, moreover, can equal our utter barrenness herein, unless it be our disgraceful apathy. No one cares; no one stirs. Mr. Keep did care, and did begin to stir. He has passed away. Has he left any successor? That remains to be seen; but, in the possible furtherance of his liberal views, we shall presently follow up this subject, and endeavor to show what might have been effected by a judicious application of the money that he designed to expend.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

WE have the pleasure, this week, of presenting the portrait of Father Hyacinthe, which was especially engraved for the JOURNAL from a photograph kindly lent us by a gentleman recently returned from Paris, and who vouches for its perfect accuracy.

The Atlantic cable has brought the news that Father Hyacinthe has protested against the authority of the pope, and re-

nounced the faith of which he was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics. Of the accuracy of the dispatch it is, at this writing, too soon to venture an opinion; but, whether it be an exaggeration, a misrepresentation, or a fact, it will make but little difference in the general interest felt in any thing which relates to this most extraordinary man.

Father Hyacinthe was born at Orleans, in 1827, and his name, before entering the priesthood, was Charles Loyson, his father being the rector of the Academy of Pau, in which institution the future giant of the French pulpit received his education, and where he became distinguished for his ability and for his poetic talents. His mind, however, seemed fixed upon the Church, and in 1845, being then but eighteen years old, he entered the theological seminary of Saint Sulpice, at Paris, and after four years of study was, at the unusually early age of twenty-two, ordained a priest. He was then appointed professor of philosophy at the great seminary at Avignon, and was subsequently transferred to the chair of theology in the seminary at Nantes. We next hear of him as the officiating priest in the parish of the Church of Saint Sulpice.

In 1859 or 1860 he gave up his parish and went into the Convent of the Carmelites, at Lyons, where, at the expiration of two years, he became a member of the order, and made his first great success as a pulpit orator, by his preaching during a spiritual retreat held at the Lyceum of Lyons.

In 1863 he preached the Advent course of sermons at Bordeaux with the most flattering results, and in 1864 he gained further distinction by preaching the Lenten sermons at Périgueux.

By this time he had become famous, and it was decided that his true field was in Paris, whither he went, first preaching in the Church of the Madelaine, and next delivering the

Advent sermons in the Church of Notre Dame, where he was considered the worthy successor of such men as Lacordaire, Ravignan, and the long line of great orators and thinkers who have always filled that most important pulpit of Paris, and for which none but men of rare and preëminent ability are ever chosen.

During the past five years the sermons of Father Hyacinthe have created a constantly increasing interest, and have formed one of the great attractions of Paris, his wonderful eloquence,

his peculiarly powerful and pleasing voice, his outspoken boldness, and the extreme liberality of his views, all combining to draw and fix the attention of his hearers.

In Number 17 of the JOURNAL was published, under the title of "A Court Preacher and Father Hyacinthe," a summary of one of his most striking sermons, together with a description of the immense congregation held spell-bound by his eloquence. Reference is now made to that article as giving a graphic idea of the orator's style, peculiar manner, and views.

In the present state of the Church of Rome the action of such a man as Father Hyacinthe is of no little importance, for it is not that of an ordinary

ecclesiastic exerting a limited influence. It is the action of a leader of men, of a giant among his fellows, in whose footsteps many will tread, and who, by his defection or adherence, will sway the belief of thousands in the faith of Rome. We cannot now say which of these positions is the true one, but, before this reaches the hands of our readers, the mails will have brought that full information which the telegraph fails to convey, and we shall know whether in the person of Father Hyacinthe a second Luther has appeared to inaugurate a new Reformation, or whether a mere protest, and the resignation of an official position, have been exaggerated and misrepresented.



FATHER HYACINTHE.

A LOST ART—CONVERSATION.

WE chat, and talk, and discuss, and preach—we do not converse. We are too much in a hurry, our minds have too little play, we care not enough for the graces, and too much for the comforts and luxuries of life, to converse. Yet we have no more reason to expect our society to produce the exquisite and fleeting graces of language without any care for them, than we have cause to look for delicate flowers in vegetable-gardens.

Conversation is so preëminently a matter of wit and confidence, of cleverness and trust, and so little a matter of study or of books, that the bookish man and student shine less in conversation than the traveller and the man of the world. The best conversation is first fed by life, and then by literature.

The gospel of the poor was given by Jesus Christ; the gospel of polite society by La Rochefoucauld. We always need the first, and, if we would have a polite society, we need the second. It is a long jump from the first to the sixteenth century; and yet the sixteenth century is the dawn of polite society for modern Europe.

That we should avoid bookish expressions; that we should take care not to use words too grand for the thing we wish to express; that we should not call simple things by learned or clumsy names; that we should not, like detectives hunting criminals, pounce upon every blunder and pretence of our interlocutor, even though *she* talks like a milliner, even though *he* talks like a pedant; that we should not keep conversation confined to those subjects in which we believe ourselves to be the best instructed; that we should listen with amiability, and not hurry to take the word; that we should listen much, speak little, and say nothing we would be sorry for afterward—since La Rochefoucauld said most of these maxims, they have become trite and indifferent to us, but they are not the less essential to agreeable social intercourse. For, to listen well, to inspire confidence, to avoid the monopolizing and priggish style of talking to convict of ignorance, and to display our superior information; not to betray our dependence upon mere memory; to show we have no power of reflection, and no wit, by our absolute silence the moment we are led by a bold and fresh conversationalist from what we have read in books—is difficult with those who pretend to converse, but only express in the parrot-fashion, with monotony and by rote, what they have been charged with: naturally they are the blunderbusses of conversation, and go off in noise, signifying nothing.

Most of us need the guidance of the simplest maxims written by La Rochefoucauld, which, when we respect and illustrate, we show good breeding, attention, deference, discretion, but are not yet able to converse with distinction. To do that one must have the gift as well as the art—the gift which means the flexible mind, the vivacious temperament, the quick intelligence, the good heart, the right word; the art, which means the practice of the precepts of La Rochefoucauld.

Men of genius are apt to be monologists rather than conversationalists. Dr. Johnson was not a monologist, nor a man of genius; he was a terrible pugilist with words, and he usually opened his mouth as boxers strike from the shoulder, to knock somebody down. One must be very brutal and very powerful to take part in a conversation with the intention of following the example of Dr. Johnson.

In the eighteenth century, which witnessed the culmination of the art of conversation, every thing favored that particular means of social intercourse, as to-day every thing favors reading. Then, instead of reading, the traveller conversed with his fellow. The diligence, the post-chaise, slow locomotion, the leisure of people, limited news, limited interests, these made each man personally of more social importance to his neighbor than we are to each other now that we sit in the cars and read daily telegrams from the great nations, read

the latest utterances of the five greatest statesmen of Europe, the masterpieces of great novelists, the last statement of science. What do we care for what our neighbor has to say, unless he has some special business with us, or some new fact to communicate? and, *not caring for more than that*, conversation languishes, and, to take up the old simile, like a delicate and beautiful flower, dies because it is neglected. Conversation languishes, and therefore all that constitutes a free, a vivacious, and an elegant social life, is confined to very few persons. The mass, I will not say of manual workers, but even of people sufficiently free from manual labor to have time to enjoy books, and pictures, and music, and the drama, cannot be said to love conversation, still less do they understand it as an art. They, like most of us, sit under the shadow of care at home, and are urged by that awful American god, Haste, through the day. *No art* can flourish under the baneful influence of Care and Haste.

Even when we read, we read hurriedly—too hurriedly to taste the flavor of an article—and an article, if not written to be bolted at breakfast like too many leading articles, has a flavor, or should have a flavor. A little article should be as perfect, and rich, or delicate, to the mental *goût*, as is a sound cherry or a delicious peach to the palate. But, if we always write to give information to *hasty* readers, of what use is grace in the form that will be overlooked; and refined, and full flavor that will pass the mental palate unnoticed? And, if we are not in a hurry, invisible Care fills every chamber of our goodly mansion, and forbids enjoyment. And, being without self-surrender, without trust in Nature, believing more in arithmetic than in art, paying book-keepers more than book-makers, how can we sincerely cultivate conversation?

To converse, we must have unharnessed minds. But the Americans, as all people doing the work of this century, are in harness. To-day we do hack-work. Our beds are stalls, our homes stables for the night, our tables little better than mangers, over which we eat in silence.

We read for information. In our generation the purpose of reading for pleasure is limited to frivolous people and women. How little time Americans spend in the society of women—our natural civilizers—compared with the time Frenchmen and Italians spend in the society of women! I am not now speaking of a grand society, but of a delightful, if not a perfect society.

Our life is brief—we should contrive to pass it either grandly or agreeably. But few of us are made for grand actions—all of us may aim to be agreeable. We can only realize an agreeable society by giving full play to the feminine element. I am not now speaking of the influence of women as they sit silent in church-pews, or with each other in sewing-societies, or as they challenge us from the platform; but as they were when they were absolute social agents—as they were in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they formed great social and political writers, when they were actually the complement to our sex, when their place in the state was not less felt than in the family, when they gave the utmost play to their natures—and the play of their nature is better for us than Puritan restrictions and apostolic misconceptions.

A fine and gracious society, one that has its being to illustrate good taste, one that would be considerate as well as fine, and, while corrective of the people, not inimical to democracy, is desirable, not as a particular and arbitrary organization like an academy, but as a body of influence, whose boundaries are not fixed, whose roots are in the people. It should exhibit urbanity and gradation, and be guided by the now almost extinct religion of honor. Such a society would make life in our large cities agreeable, and without such a society no city can be said to have reached the ultimate fact of the life of a city. Conversation is the art of such a society, and all other arts nourish and stimulate it. Such a society cannot be composed exclu-

sively of women—for women, when with each other, never reach the dignity of conversation, they only chat; as men with each other simply talk, which is conversation *minus* the art—*minus* the pleasure which is its object.

We chat to escape our thoughts, we talk to conceal them; but we converse to express them in the choicest or the most vivacious language. We converse, to commune with each other. Conversation is a gladsome breaking of the bread of social life—it is intellectual hospitality—it is a verbal sacrament which we should celebrate only with the *élite*, only with the elect of our souls. It is impossible to converse with an unfriendly, a stupid, or a profane person. We can only converse with persons sympathetic to us. The best conversationalist will be found to be the man of the broadest sympathies, and of the most attracting personality. But few of us can establish that fine and genial relationship which opens all the pores of our moral and intellectual being, and lets our proper self expand and shed its surplus of life in delightful abundance, making us enjoy the consciousness of a free body, instead of suffering from a clogged and stinted organization, through which Nature's currents do not liberally run. Conversation should be in society what the breeze or the wind is in Nature. It should run over us like a freshening and gladdening thing. It should be the play and stimulus of our minds.

Conversation is a gift quite distinct from that of the writer—and is not always illustrated by the best writers, but by men of the world, lawyers, artists, and women of heart and intelligence. It is generally true that travellers converse well. They have the advantage of full minds, and of varied and vivid sensations. If they do not converse with the grace and urbanity of a Parisian, or as a club-man should converse, they talk to interest us, and they are indulgent and complacent, which are essentials of a good conversationalist.

With the decline of the art of conversation, politeness likewise has gone. We are now poor listeners, but good readers. To be good readers costs us nothing but time and the price of our journal, book, or magazine. But to be a good listener and a good conversationalist costs us deference to others, modulation of voice, self-restraint, amiability, and patience; we must have what the French call *esprit*; we must have leisure; we must have something of the Christian about us—but all this is a tedious tax to sharp, go-ahead, driving business-men; so they read and forego the pleasure which animated and cherished social intercourse might give to us—so they suffer a neglected art to become a lost art. And yet we cannot be said to meet each other like Orientals, in silence, smoking and drinking, although our President has set us that striking and unfortunate example.

Most Americans *do* talk; they are loud and familiar, which is not so well—for noise is barbarous, and familiarity is hurtful to the dignity of the art of conversation. When we have more leisure, more art, more culture in the generous sense of that word, we shall cultivate conversation, which is a verbal means to animate, to awaken, to loosen the mind; then it will be to us what Madame de Staël said it was to the French, what music is to some people, what strong drink is to others,—a pleasure and a stimulus.

CHARACTER OF HERBERT SPENCER.

THE accomplished literary editor of the *New-York Tribune*, Mr. George Ripley, who is now in Europe, has lately written some admirable letters descriptive of distinguished Englishmen. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and has given us an acute and candid estimate of his intellectual character, from which we subjoin a lengthened extract:

"Among the eminent scientific men of London, there is probably no one whose name is more familiar to circles of the highest culture

in America, or which awakens a more profound interest among them, than that of Herbert Spencer. The edition of his writings, which is now passing through the press in New York, has been received with friendly cordiality, even if, from the nature of the subjects which they discuss, they have not attained an especially wide circulation. Many readers have found in their statements and suggestions a new impulse to their intellectual life; they have given a fresh coloring to their whole course of thought and reasoning; and, even in cases in which they have failed to produce conviction, I believe no one has hesitated to acknowledge their rare combination of depth, subtlety, and acuteness.

"Mr. Spencer is emphatically a profound thinker—so profound that he easily passes beyond the reach of rapid and superficial readers. One must have been in some degree cognizant of the difficulties of the problems of which he has attempted the solution, before he can fully appreciate the masterly strength with which he has addressed himself to his theme. He views every subject in the light of the pure intellect. He has no favorite theories to support, no personal sympathies to gratify, no party interests to promote, in his sincere and exclusive devotion to the pursuit of truth. I am persuaded that no more honest an inquirer ever set up his tent of observation in the field of science. His power of analysis is wonderful. If he does not discover the ultimate elements in the objects of his study, it is not because he neglects to search for them, or submits them to a careless examination, but on account of the inscrutable character of their contents. He follows the line of inquiry with persistent endeavor until it is lost sight of in the heights or depths which no human eye has yet been able to penetrate. Nor is Mr. Spencer less original than he is profound. It is true that the hint of his great doctrine of evolution had been suggested by previous philosophers; but the applications which he has made of it to the phenomena of the universe are as novel as they are fruitful in important consequences. He has rounded the fragmentary details of other thinkers into an integral system, and given it the stamp and expression of his own intellect.

"But the most striking feature of Mr. Spencer, as a philosopher, is the consummate degree in which he unites the power of abstract thought with the knowledge of scientific conclusions. He is as keen an analyst as is known in the history of philosophy. I do not except either Aristotle or Kant, whom he greatly resembles in the trait to which I allude. They also were equally remarkable for their metaphysical acumen and their love of physical research. But Aristotle was acquainted only with the scattered facts in the imperfect natural sciences of his day, and made no attempt to bring them into harmony with the results of abstract reflection. Kant also was a devoted student of astronomy and the laws of the physical universe; but his great works on the analysis of the mind show but slight traces of those studies, and derive few illustrations from his knowledge in that department of research. Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, is equally at home in physics and metaphysics. He is familiar with the whole domain of the universe, whether that of consciousness or of observation. His oversight, so to speak, is as keen as his insight. No abstraction is too delicate and subtle for his mental grasp, but he always knows how to sustain and illustrate the facts of consciousness by the results of physical science. His knowledge in the latter branch of study is excelled by that of few men at the present day. It is not the knowledge of an amateur, but of an experimentalist; not picked up from books to serve a special purpose, but the fruit of accurate and laborious personal research. He is equal to the cultivators of material science on their own ground, while in his own peculiar field—the analysis of mental phenomena—he has evinced a mastery which no other scientist of the present day has approached. In this respect, Mr. Spencer stands alone. As a metaphysical thinker, he certainly compares favorably with Sir William Hamilton, or any other eminent modern writer that can be named; his attainments in natural science are fully acknowledged by the prominent cultivators of that specialty; while his ability and resource in both departments of mental activity have probably never been equalled in the history of thought.

"The fact that Mr. Spencer has made the physical conditions of mental phenomena the subject of special research, and fully recognizes the mutual relations and interaction of the two spheres of experience, has subjected him to the charge of materialism in the purposes and scope of his philosophical system. But this is a confusion of thought. Mr. Spencer earnestly disclaims the imputation, not from the cowardly dread of an unpopular name, but because it misrepresents

sents the nature of his conclusions. If, as he more than once expressed to me in conversation, we were compelled to choose between an exclusive spiritualism and an exclusive materialism, as philosophical systems, his preference would be for the former. Mr. Spencer is no more a materialist than he is a disciple of Comte, 'a label,' as Professor Huxley remarks in his recent essay on the subject, 'whose adhesiveness Mr. Spencer is still engaged in eluding, and, like a good man struggling with adversity, ready to tear away skin and all, rather than let it stick.'

"Of the peculiar traits of Mr. Spencer's personal character, the many kindnesses I received at his hands during my stay in London do not permit me to speak with perfect impartiality. Nor can I engage in the critical dissection of a man who became familiarly known to me in the intimacies of private hospitality. I will only say that the love of truth which permeates and inspires his writings is prominent in his words and his actions. Without any formal and pedantic precision, he evidently weighs his expressions with the conscientiousness of one who wished to make his language the exact representation of his ideas. He speaks fluently, but not volubly, and with a certain grave earnestness that is more impressive than any attempt at conversational eloquence. His interest is by no means confined to the points of his habitual meditation, but he is fond of discussing the various aspects of literature, politics, and social affairs, which are the prevailing subjects of talk among cultivated people. Indeed, he rather avoids conversation in general society on topics that require much exercise of thought, as the state of his health, I greatly regret to say, compels him to abstain from all unnecessary mental action, to shun the excitement of argument and controversy, and to limit his studies to a few hours every day. In private, however, I found him always communicative, ready to elucidate any obscure point in his writings, and to freely express his opinion on whatever question of interest came up. His mind is singularly candid, eager, in fact, to do justice to every phase and expression of men's thoughts, and making wide allowance for the inevitable varieties of idiosyncrasy and taste, in spite of the positive character of his own convictions, and a certain air of positiveness in his utterance of them. His manners are courteous and refined, observant of the little graces of society, and with more of the man of the world than would naturally be expected from a person addicted to such retired and austere studies. There is nothing in his appearance to indicate the invalid; on the contrary, the ruddy bloom of his countenance and the youthful vigor of his step give no impression of physical languor or infirmity. He looks younger by many years than I expected to find him, and, with his almost juvenile freshness of expression, I cannot but anticipate the promise of a long term of intellectual efficiency. Mr. Spencer is a bachelor, living in pleasant rooms in one of those rural quarters of London which afford such a grateful relief to the monotonous bustle of a large city. Like most English literary men, he is an habitual frequenter of his club, and, at certain hours of the day, may be usually seen in the halls of the 'Atheneum,' which is honored by his membership. He expressed a deep interest in American affairs and a warm attachment to the cause of the Union, although his sympathies have been somewhat chilled by the persuasion, which he entertains, that the Americans failed to recognize the good-will that was freely expressed in the English journals at the commencement of our sanguinary struggle. Still, his high, earnest nature is wholly on the side of popular freedom, as well as of intellectual advancement."

This is a just and generous recognition of Mr. Spencer's high place in the world of thought. But appreciative as is Mr. Ripley's statement, as far as it goes, it is nevertheless incomplete, and fails to recognize that which is perhaps the highest trait of Mr. Spencer's intellectual character. He does justice to his extraordinary scientific attainments, and in his intercourse with the eminent scientific men of London Mr. Ripley had ample opportunity to satisfy himself that his opinion is well grounded. He also ranks him with the few first men in the world as a metaphysical analyst; and here Mr. Ripley—himself a thorough student of philosophy—is able to form his own judgment. But even in this thorough conquest of two great departments of intellectual effort, hitherto regarded as foreign to each other, we by no means trace the highest action of Mr. Spencer's mind. That is seen in his marvellous capacity of synthesis. The interest of the age in Her-

bert Spencer is not that he has made astonishing scientific and metaphysical acquisitions, but that he grasps and yields the grand resources of his erudition for the construction of a comprehensive and unified system of thought. It is in organizing the great tracts of knowledge into a harmonized and coherent whole—an organon of the sciences—that the genius of this thinker is chiefly displayed. In pronouncing Mr. Spencer the greatest systematizer of thought that has appeared in England since Newton, the *Saturday Review* indicated the higher quality of his work; and, while men competent to perform it are few, the service itself is of immense importance. Specialists tend to become narrow and jealous. The selfishness of human nature breaks out in the knowledges as well as in the nationalities; the people over the line are regarded as aliens if not as enemies. The physicist warns the metaphysician not to intrude upon his grounds with his speculations; and the metaphysician warns the physicist to keep well within his own materialistic enclosure. What the world now needs most urgently is, to obliterate this provincial spirit in the realm of knowledge, and reach universal principles which shall represent the unity and truth of nature; and Mr. Spencer's strongest claim upon the consideration of the thoughtful is, that he is now engaged in the successful performance of this important work. Indeed, the system of thought to which he is devoting his life would be most aptly entitled the Synthetic Philosophy.

LAKE GEORGE.

NO one, who has made a tour of this beautiful and famous lake, can fail to recognize at a glance the view so successfully painted by Mr. Casilear, an engraving of which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL. It is only within a comparatively few years that Lake George has become the "Mecca" of fashionable summer pilgrimage, though the diversified beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its neighborhood have long been familiar and attractive to the artist and the tourist.

One of the chief charms of Lake George is, that it is thickly dotted with a series of small, but picturesque islands, which are commonly said to equal in number the days of the year. These islands offer a remarkable, indeed it may be said unsurpassed, variety of picturesque scenery, and one is very likely to come to the conclusion in a tour, or rather detour of them, that there are no two alike; and probably, except in common characteristics, this is true. Here a little rugged, peak-like island lifts itself out of the silvery water; beyond, a miniature mountain spreads out, sheltering from the view of the approaching stranger a small bit of plain or table-land, lying in repose almost flat upon the bosom of the peaceful expanse; and presently there comes to view a succession of bump-like land spaces, looking very much indeed like a school (or class!) of turtles. Another time, the course of the lake, which in its widest part is not more than four miles, and is quite often as narrow as a half mile, is impeded, as it were, by these multitudinous islands, which, clustering thickly in a series, shut out the distance, until skillful navigation places the ribbon of silver once more before you. Or, probably, a group of little islands, very suggestive of green pincushions or buttons, will attract the attention. The lake, which is good thirty-six miles long, runs for the greater part of the way through a mountainous region; high cliffs rising in a range on either side. The shores, as may be imagined, present a panorama of picturesque landscape and forest scenes, except, indeed, in one section of the western shore, where come to view large tracts of barren, sterile land.

In the summer time, the lake is clear and smooth; a soft, balmy, ethereal breeze, fragrant with the aroma of wild-flowers, may perchance play about the islands, or run along the shores,

but the tranquillity and quiet of the scene are not marred. An impressive silence prevails, interrupted sometimes, it is true, by the chirp of a bird or the croak of a frog. The aspect everywhere of serene repose—for the silvery water, sparkling in the sunlight, flows by with an unruffled surface—is very pleasing.

Points of interest in a tour of the lake, whose pellucid waters are ploughed by a swift little steamer, bearing an Indian name, "The Minnehaha," are the Black Mountain, the Buck Mountains, Tongue Mountain, Turtle Islands, Fourteen-mile Island, Sabbath-day Point, Anthony's Nose, Rogers's Slide, and Prisoner's Island.

Much romantic and historical interest centres in Lake George. It was a favorite spot in the extensive domain of the powerful Iroquois tribe, or Five Nations. A peculiarity of the water is, that it is perfectly, purely white, or silvery-looking, and hence the Indian name "Horicon," which students of aboriginal lore literally translate "silvery water." There is good authority for stating that the Indians who dwelt in the immediate vicinity of the lake were known to the early French explorers as "Les Horicons."

A party of French explorers from Canada discovered the lake in 1609. The expedition, under command of the hardy adventurer Champlain, left Quebec in a shallop, sailed up the St. Lawrence into the Sorel River, thence to Chambly's Rapids, where they embarked, determined to penetrate into the interior of the then unexplored and unknown wilderness which lay before them. They journeyed "cross-country," under the guidance of Huron Indians, whom they enlisted in their service by siding with them in their struggle with the Iroquois tribe, and discovered the large and grand body of water which they named "Lac Champlain," in honor, it is needless to add, of their commander. They traversed Lake Champlain in canoes furnished by the Indians, and, descending the rapids at the end, pushed across the country, reaching a smaller and more beautiful sheet of water—Lake Horicon—which they rechristened "Lac de Saint Sacrement," a title obviously suggested by the purity of the water. It is a well-established fact that, even in those primitive times, its pure and clear water was transported to Montreal and Quebec for baptismal and other religious rites. For more than half a century, Lac de Saint Sacrement was the channel of commerce between Canada and the settlements on the Hudson River.

During the Seven-Years' War between the French and English, the lake and its immediate vicinity was the scene of several memorable strategic movements and engagements. There was a battle at the south end of the lake, in 1755, between the French forces, under command of Baron Dieskau, a German, and the English, who were commanded by Colonel Williams, founder of Williams College, in which the latter was killed, the former severely wounded, and the loss very heavy on both sides. The bodies of the slain were thrown into a lily-pond near the battle-field, and the spot has passed into history as "Bloody Pool." In 1757, Fort William Henry, also at the south end of the lake, where now stands the hotel, was besieged by General Montcalm, with a force of ten thousand men. The capture and massacre of the garrison by the Indians, who were retained by the French in their service, is one of the most horrible deeds of carnage detailed in American history. Fort Ticonderoga, which stood on the "narrows" of the lake, and the ruins of which still remain, was unsuccessfully attacked in 1758 by General Abercrombie, with land and water forces, he having over one thousand boats on the lake. His men took to their boats on a Sabbath-day, from a projection of land which has from this incident always been called "Sabbath-day Point." Lord Howe, who landed at the spot known as "Howe's Landing-place," fell in this attack upon Fort Ticonderoga, a little below which, it is not out of place here to state, is the lofty perpendicular rock known as "Rogers's Slide," down which Major Rogers is said to have slid when pursued by the Indians

during one of these engagements. In this vicinity, too, is "Prisoner's Island," on which, during those troublesome times, captives were occasionally placed until ransomed. In 1759, General Amherst went up the lake and accomplished the ejection of the French from the territory, by capturing their two strongholds, Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The present name of the lake was selected by the English in honor, it need scarcely be observed, of their king, George I., and, like most Colonial or Revolutionary names, it has been allowed to remain unchanged even in this so-called iconoclastic and history-neglecting age.

In the Revolutionary struggle, the depot for supplies for General Burgoyne's army was at one time located at the head of Lake George. Fort Ticonderoga was an important strategic stronghold, and, in 1775, was commanded by Benedict Arnold. After a series of disastrous defeats, the Americans fell back, unsuccessful in the attempt to make the Canadian frontier the scene of the conflict. While General Burgoyne, still on the war-path, crossed the Hudson and fought the battle of Saratoga, an American force, by a flank movement, insured his defeat by capturing this depot and cutting off his supplies.

To novel-readers, the lake and its vicinity possess a peculiar interest as the *locale* of Cooper's grand semi-historical romance, "The Last of the Mohicans." The great native novelist has never been more felicitous and successful in his descriptions of Nature than in his graphic word-painting of the lake, "winding its way among countless islands and embedded in mountains."

ON THE ORIGIN OF LIARS.

A WRITER in the *Temple-Bar* magazine gives us a startling sensational discourse on "Lying as a Science." His stand-point is that of the old diabolism, which taught that the realm of Nature belongs to the prince of the powers of the air, who is also the father of lies. He consequently lays it down as an axiom, that "man is born a liar; the child must be taught to speak the truth."

Now, we think that, in making this statement, the writer is availing himself very freely of the birthright he claims, and which has not been much damaged by his teachers: his proposition is exactly the reverse of the truth. For man, as a falsifier, Nature is not responsible; he is not born a liar, but becomes so by education. Truth is natural to children; lying is an artificial acquisition. To say that children are natural and spontaneous liars, and truthful only as they are taught, is to libel the defenceless for the cowardly purpose of escaping the responsibility of their ethical miseducation.

How we are born, is undoubtedly a great and very important thing; and the congenital factor in our nature is a far more potential and determining element in our destiny than it has been generally regarded. But it is easily misinterpreted and turned to mischievous ends. We unquestionably inherit predispositions, but, unless the organism is warped far out of the normal lines into morbid extremes, it is amenable to educational control. It is common to say that men are born musicians, poets, or mathematicians—but this is loose language; they are only born with varying aptitudes in these directions. It is, after all, culture and not Nature that makes the musician, the poet, and the mathematician. So children are undoubtedly born with unequal moral capacities, but it is culture and not Nature that develops these capacities.

But it is not in this limited sense that the *Temple-Bar* writer is to be understood. He does not say that some men are born with a genius for lying, but that all men are born liars, or, in other words, that the reason why men lie is because Nature implanted the radical propensity to it in man's organic constitu-

tion. Let us see if Nature cannot be vindicated from this aspersion, and if the responsibility does not rest elsewhere.

The child at birth is simply a little bundle of latent possibilities—physical, intellectual, and moral. While yet it can neither speak nor think, it certainly cannot lie. Thus far Nature is acquitted. There is simply no evidence that the facile and full-blown liar of manhood is the normal outcome of prenatal determination. The hypothesis is gratuitous; and what we have at last is simply the assertion that lying propensities are the first developments of childhood.

But we are not without a further and decisive clew to Nature's intention. Education is far from being entirely an affair of art. It so happens, and fortunately for the race, that Nature is our first teacher. Far from resigning her charge when she has ushered the little being into the world, she then commences to teach it, and carries the mental and moral development much farther than people generally imagine before art begins to interfere; and what is her policy? While at birth the power of thinking is at zero, because there is nothing to think about, the senses which furnish something to think about are complete and perfect for action from the first. The basis of mind is laid in the intercourse of the new-born infant with the world around it. Mental unfolding thus begins in experience, and an experience which deals solely with the truth of things. The senses give faithful representations of external objects; otherwise the universe would be a swindle, thought a cheat, and life a failure. The eye testifies to the truth of appearances, the ear to the truth of sounds, while touch, taste, and smell, give truthful reports of the objects to which they are related. Impressions are, no doubt, at first vague and indefinite, and, from their imperfection, are often erroneous. But the error is incidental to the scheme—its shadow, as one might say—and is infinitesimal in proportion to the truth, while the whole tendency of things is toward its constant correction. The child's mind, beginning with blank capacities, is thus slowly built up as an internal representation of outward things; the fundamental characteristic of that representation being faithfulness and reliability. The very essence and definition of truth is *fidelity of representation*, and this is the principle which is strictly and constantly conformed to in those early intuitions of experience which determine the first stages of mental growth.

But there is also, in these early experiences, a definite code of moral discipline, which has its roots equally in the truth of things. Long before the teacher comes on to the scene with his moral maxims, the child has taken elaborate and effective lessons in matters of right and wrong. It has learned to link conduct to its consequences, and to guide its actions accordingly. By its experimental dealings with surrounding objects, resulting in numerous falls, bumps, cuts, lacerations, burnings, and scaldings, it is taught to direct its movements so as to avoid the evil consequences. It finds pain annexed to certain actions, and that their commission entails inevitable punishment. There is no luring or lying here, no empty threats, no false promises. Nature not only inculcates a moral code, but reduces it to inexorable truth by enforcing a stern, moral discipline. And, because it is obviously truthful and honest, and based on the reality of things, it is accepted as reasonable and right. Even her scale of justice is recognized and admitted. There is a proportion, a confessed harmony, between offence and penalty; slight transgressions entail slight punishments, more serious improprieties provoke graver consequences. The whole policy is just, faithful, kind, and true. Indeed, if there is one term which, more fitly than any other, marks the policy of Nature in her contributions to human character, that term is *veracity*.

Let Nature, then, be exonerated from this infamous charge, as she has done her part faithfully and in the right direction; and, in relieving her of this imputation, we clear the way for fixing the responsibility where it justly belongs.

TABLE-TALK.

THE word "October" always calls up to the mind of an American a host of delightful images. Of the soft brilliancy of the sun in this delicious month, of the many-tinted forests, of the golden haze on the hills and in the valleys, of the richness of its fruitage, of the sweet melancholy of the woods, poets have never tired of singing and artists of portraying. It is a season full of luscious images of tropical wealth of color, of captivating pictorial beauty. The grape purples on the trellis; the yellow corn gapes through its russet husk; the golden pippin fills the orchard with its redolence; the big, round pumpkin turns up its orange-tinted belly to the sun; the buckwheat blossoms in the field; "the golden-rod on the hill, and the aster in the wood, and the yellow sunflower by the brook," as sung by Bryant, "in autumn beauty stand;" while the scarlet maple, and blood-dyed oak, and the flaming sumach, shed their brightness on "upland, glade, and glen." The brown nuts, too, are dropping in the forest, where the squirrels are busy gathering their store. The whistle of the quail is heard on the borders of the fields; the partridge is flitting through his tangled wild-wood; the rabbit peers from his burrow; the wild-goose flies far overhead on his southward journey; the wild-duck reappears at his water-courses; and the grouse "drums" through the still day on the prairie. It is a season in which the heart thrills with an ecstatic sympathy with Nature—a season in which life seems inspired with a new significance, and exults in the mere fact of existence. Mr. Fenn's illustration on our first page fairly "smells October." You inhale the ripe flavor of the pumpkins, and the rich odor of the ripened corn; while the soft Indian haze, that half envelops the distant woods and hills, seems to steep the scene in a delicious reverie. One could idle away the hours in such a place just as the dreamy boy is doing—and what boyhood holidays does not the picture recall? There is only one excuse for people hurrying from the country just at this season, and that is that October is delightful in town as well as elsewhere; but, for complete, all-satisfying out-door felicity, no season can supply it like this.

— Macaulay's oft-quoted New-Zealander, who at some future time is "to take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," has been traced, by an industrious writer in *Once a Week*, in various forms to numerous writers. Volney, in his "Ruins, or a Survey of Empires," speaks of some traveler "sitting upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee . . . amid silent ruins, to weep a people inured." Gibbon seems first to have brought the New-Zealander upon the field, in "the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the Southern hemisphere." Horace Walpole, in one of his celebrated letters to Mann, says: "Some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra." Shelley, in his dedication of "Peter Bell the Third," employs the idea—" . . . in the firm expectation that, when London shall be an habitation of bitters, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of reeds and osiers . . . some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing it in the scales of some new and unimagined system of criticism." Mrs. Barbauld, in a poem entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," speaks of a time when

"England, the seat of arts, be only known
By the gray ruin and the mouldering stone."

* And Henry Kirke White, in his poem "Time," suggests the idea as follows:

"Where now is Britain? . . .
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude."

Since Macaulay, several writers have employed the figure, Alison among them, who, in his "Progress of Population," speaks of the time when "a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge; the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest; and the red-deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scotch metropolis." Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," also adopts the idea. It is said of Lord Macaulay that he had read every thing, and that he forgot nothing. "It is possible," says the writer in *Once a Week*, "that

in his multifarious literary excursions he had more than once come upon the germ of the idea which he developed in his celebrated New-Zealander, who, it has been well said, has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale."

— The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* has just introduced into its columns a department called "The Exchange," whereby its subscribers may advertise such of their superfluous articles as they may wish to exchange for somebody else's superfluities. The London fashion-newspaper, called *The Queen*, has long possessed such a feature, and, as we believe, no American newspaper has adopted the idea; our readers will probably be entertained by a few examples of how it is done. In a recent number of *The Queen*, we find advertised in "The Exchange" department, among numerous other things, the following:

"I have a lovely Cephaline, in Shetland wool; also pretty mourning-cap, in same wool. Want offers, or wood for fretwork and carving, illuminated monograms, foreign stamps, etc.—*TERTIA.*"

In fact, "Tertia" will take any thing. She is tired of her "lovely Cephaline" and her mourning-cap, and is ready for any new toy. But we find others like her:

"I have two gilt chignon bands, quite new, cost 12s. 6d. each, ornamented with handsome sprays and pendants at the side. I wish to exchange them for a jet necklace, bracelet, and brooch, or am open to good offers.—*FALCON.*"

"I have a small opal ring, which I should be glad to exchange for a locket or cross that could be worn in mourning (the latter not to be jet), or for one of the new-fashioned round tea-tables.—*LILY.*"

"I am wanting a pair of turquoise ear-rings, and will give in exchange a pair of real gold ones and a gilt band for chignon.—*MINOR CANON'S SISTER.*"

"I have a very handsome pair of malachite ear-rings, solid balls. I wish gold sleeve-links in exchange.—*SPIDER.*"

"I want a clasp for a coral bracelet—a small round coral set in gold. Many things to offer in exchange.—*PINO GOMEZ.*"

"Bracelet, fine gold band, with locket for photograph in centre (very handsome). Sealskin (real) jacket, loose shape, or good offers. Many other things to offer for a very good jacket, in jewelry or lace.—*PET (Kilburn).*"

"I have an Abyssinian gold pendant (does not open) and thick neck-chain to match. I want in exchange a small white muff, or piece of grebe trimming. I have a gold brooch and other jewelry to exchange for grebe trimming for jacket, paste buckles, rococo jewelry, or old lace.—*BYE-BYE.*"

"I have a pair of gold ear-rings; 'Don't be cross,' represented by a bee on a cross, with 'Don't' in blue-enamel letters. Also a pair of coral shoes as ear-rings. Wanted, a thick, plain ring, with stones. Offers this week unsatisfactory—Address 'C. G. B.', care of Mr. Albers, Stationer, Ealing."

But the advertisements do not all refer to worn-out ornaments, some offering books, some music, and some even pet birds and other animals. One offers "Indian preserves, guava-jelly, mangoes, citron," for a "lady's silk umbrella." Another would like to get rid of a "raised crochet antimacassar," and would take a "double scent-bottle" in exchange, but is open, however, to other offers. Another has "two and a quarter yards of embroidery, three and a half inches wide, and wants four ounces of Shetland wool." Another is eager for a sealskin jacket, and will surrender a gold bracelet for it. And so on. We have cited enough to show the notable economy of English households, and to prove that Yankees have a lesson or two to learn in rendering useless things available.

— Mr. Ruskin does not believe in this so-called modern spirit of liberty. In his lectures on "The Queen of the Air," he lets off his rhetorical pyrotechny, with the usual brilliancy, in denouncing it. "Death," says he, "is the only real freedom possible to us; and that is consummate freedom—permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbor particle, and shift for itself. You call it 'corruption' in the flesh; but, before it comes to that, all liberty is an equal corruption in the mind. You ask for freedom of thought; but, if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think; and, if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong." The following passages, in further illustration of his views, are certainly spirited pictures:

"I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Not free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any

philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand, and to him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is what to you it would be if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters—not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends—and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do, no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee, her gathering and building; the spider, her cunning net-work; the ant, her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his!"

— For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely; but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books—nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at with sullen ill-success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, wearily disappointed; or, worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No"—too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate; if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable; and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful powers of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet, of the two, would we rather be watch-dog or fly?"

— If not remarkable as works of art, "The Nine Muses," now on exhibition at the Somerville Gallery, are creditable to Mr. Fagnani's ingenuity in securing to himself nine sitters for portraits, and an excellent chance for popularity. Nine young ladies, noted in our fashionable circles for their beauty and accomplishments, are made to figure separately upon canvas, each in the garb and with the accessories of her presumed type among the immortal nine. It was, we say, a very pretty and well-devised idea. These fair rivals of classic myths are done in oil, at three-quarter lengths, and nearly of life size, and are generally to be commended as likenesses. Superior to the rest, imbued with more distinctive character, and treated with more knowledge of the picturesque, is the one that presents Melpomene. The arrangement in the room is disagreeably stiff, the frames being all precisely alike, and placed at equal elevation in a row very slightly curved. Such formality might be broken up with advantage, unless, indeed, to give to any one the slightest preeminence over her sisters might bring on an explosion of jealousy. Yet, after all, there is no grouping, and there is no Apollo in the case. Mr. Fagnani, perhaps wisely, abstains from suggesting a rivalry between himself and Giulio Romano, whose wondrous "Dance of Apollo and the Muses," in the Pitti Palace at Florence, will still hold its own, despite this effort to glorify the charms and fascinations that have been gleaned upon our New-York Parnassus.

— We find in the papers a paragraph as follows: "George Washington has just been sent to the Virginia State Prison; Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun, were already there; and Napoleon Bonaparte and Wade Hampton have received tickets of admission." This ignoble destiny of great names excites, no doubt, a smile of derision; but does it occur to many readers what a ruin of ambitious hopes it implies? The naming of children after great men is very likely a want of taste; but the parents, in so doing, clearly shadow forth the aspirations the new-born child has inspired them with. They have admired excellence in some one of its forms, and have seemed to hope that a great name carried with it to the child a

measure of consecration. Low, vicious, degraded people would not do this, and hence it is evident that all the unfortunate named in our extract have begun life under favorable auspices. Parents have loved them, guarded them, held up to them great examples for emulation, hoped for them, dreamed deeds of ambition for them—all to end in degradation and ruin.

— A tourist, recently visiting Glen's Falls, asserts that the cave here situated, immortalized in the pages of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" as the hiding-place of Leatherstocking, Uncas, the two sisters Cora and Alice, and the singing-master David Gamut, and at the mouth of which occurred the famous battle with the Indians, which every reader of Cooper must recollect with lively feelings of pleasure, is only a fissure in the rocks, not near big enough for so large a party to squeeze themselves into. It is in this ruthless way that tourists and historians are ruining our traditions, and depriving us of every faith in the poetic lore of the world. The Leatherstocking story, however, seems to be very generally accepted, according to the tourist referred to, in the neighborhood; and the flaxen-haired cicerones will point out with confident assurance "the veritable cleft in which Leatherstocking stood, and the tree, on the opposite bank, from which the Indian tumbled at the last fatal fire of the hunter."

— The statement was made in Miss Beecher's article on women, in No. 23 of the JOURNAL, that "our National Government has given to every State in the Union a portion of the national lands to endow agricultural colleges; and they have been taken, and in most cases have been wasted, by speculators, and in no instance have American women received any share." This assertion has been noticed by a gentleman connected with the educational interests of the West, who informs us that the Iowa State University, which has been in successful operation since 1859, admits the sexes on equal terms, and that in the Agricultural College of Iowa the same course is pursued. Both of these institutions are supported from grants of land made by the General Government.

Scientific Notes.

THE new French sewing-machine invented by the Misses Garcia and M. Adam, is driven by a series of six springs, each of which is doubled, in order to prevent a forced stoppage in case of accident. The springs are contained in barrels, disposed in pairs on three horizontal shafts, placed in the case which serves as a table to the machine. The first barrel works into the mechanism by which the springs are wound up, and forms the stop-work of the whole series of springs; the spring which it encloses is fixed to it by its external extremity, while the inside end gives the impulsion to the shaft on which this first barrel is mounted. The impulsion given by the first spring is communicated to the whole six by a series of tooth-wheels. The machine thus wound up and set a-going, takes about an hour to run out, making from four hundred to six hundred stitches per minute, being the usual rate of speed maintained by a skilled workwoman. The springs once run out, can be wound up again in the short space of one minute and a half, so that the loss of time in this operation is scarcely perceptible. The fly-wheel, which regulates the speed of the machine, is of great strength, and easily worked even by unskilled hands. Altogether, the machine is very interesting and ingenious. We only hope that the curtailment of labor which it promises will prove to be a reality.

Messrs. Batteman and Revy lately presented to the British Association the project of a tubular, forged-iron railway, which they propose to immerse at Cape Grisnez, on the French coast, and lead across the Channel to a point of the English coast near Dover. The construction would be carried on by means of a horizontal bell, inside of which the different sections of the tube should be successively established, and which would be pushed forward in proportion as the works advanced. The distance between these two points is twenty-two miles, the average depth of water being one hundred and ten feet. The estimated cost of the undertaking is eight millions of pounds sterling, the annual working expenses being calculated at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Slow trains would cross the Channel in one hour and six minutes, and mail-trains in forty-five minutes. Five thousand passengers and ten thousand tons of goods could be daily transported through the tube. This project would require five years for its execution.

Dr. Demarquay, of Paris, lately exhibited a patient to the members of the Society of Surgeons, on whom he had performed the difficult operation of extracting the greater part of the tongue. The patient had

suffered from a disease in this organ for more than twenty years, and applied to Dr. Demarquay as a last resort. The operation, performed with the aid of the linear crusher, was a complete success, the patient having entirely recovered, and being able to speak and articulate easily and correctly, notwithstanding the mutilation he has undergone.

In many industrial operations, it is a necessary condition not to exceed a certain degree of temperature, or to remain always above a certain minimum. The electric warmers, invented by Messrs. Besson Brothers and M. Kneider, professors in the lycées of Strasburg and Mulhouse, are intended to supply this want. Fitted up in the hothouse of one of the inventors at Strasburg, they set in motion a system of electric bells whenever the temperature rises to a certain maximum or falls to a minimum.

The existence of liquid carbonic acid in the cavities of certain minerals, has just been demonstrated by Messrs. Vogelgesang and Geissler. Their method consists in introducing the vapors of the liquids they intend analyzing in an empty Geissler tube, in passing into this tube the current created, and in examining with the stereoscope the light produced. The minerals analyzed are rock-crystals and topazes. The liquid carbonic acid is found alone or associated with a little water.

With the intention of throwing some light upon the vexed geological question, whether coal was formed in fresh or salt water, or in a mixture of both, M. Renier Malherbe lately set out to examine thoroughly the coal-fields of the province of Liege, France. The result of his investigations proves that the mines of the said province contain chlorides, which are likewise met with in the sandstone and schist of the coal-basin; whence he concludes that coal there was formed in a mixture of salt and fresh water.

Experiments made in the Botanic Garden, London, showed that a leaf of the "Victoria Regia" would support four hundred and twenty-six pounds before it sank. The leaf selected was the lightest of eight on the plant, and it is estimated that the entire plant could uphold a weight of a ton and a half.

Foreign Notes.

THE domestic habits of a nation are always of interest, but are especially so when, in all important particulars, they differ radically from the customs familiar to us. Many of the most striking peculiarities of the Russians are familiar to almost every one, from their frequent mention in books of travels, but the ordinary routine of home-life among them is but little known. In an ordinary family in St. Petersburg, four meals are taken each day, being rolls and coffee at half-past eight or nine; *déjeuner à la fourchette* at twelve; dinner at half-past five or six; and a "drawing-room tea" about nine. Frequently, children as young as three or four years share the meals with their parents, eating the same rich food and drinking wine. They also keep the same late hours. The atmosphere of the houses is kept at a high temperature by the use of stoves, and the Russian girls, who sometimes do not leave the house for days together in the cold weather, are naturally weak and delicate. Skating or other out-door exercise, except taking short walks, is but little in vogue, and, as a correspondent of the London *Athenaeum* says, "the natural results of such a system are the pale faces and nerveless figures which throng the Northern capital: as striking a contrast to the sprightly nymphs who play croquet on the lawns of England or the buxom Blousalindas who devour sucking-pig and apricot-jam at the *tables-d'hôte* of Germany, as can well be imagined."

Several of our readers may be unaware that, by order of Pius IX., important excavations are in process of execution in various districts of the Roman territory, and especially at Ostia. The laborers employed in the work are galley-slaves (*galeotti*), under the supervision of Commandant Visconti and the *surveillance* of the galley-guards. Now it will not be uninteresting to enumerate some of the compensations allowed by the directors of the pontifical museums to those criminals condemned to compulsory labor. They have, in the first place, a daily compensation of five *baiochi* (about five cents). Besides that, whoever finds a bronze coin receives a reward of one cent; five cents are given for each silver coin, and fifteen cents for each gold coin. The *galeotto* who is so extremely lucky as to dig up a cameo or an engraved cornelian, receives five *paoletti* (half a dollar). He who comes upon a statue, if he succeeds in exhuming it without injuring it, is rewarded with a *seundo d'oro* (one dollar). Lastly, for every month of labor at the excavations, a remission of ten days is made to each galley-slave on the time he has yet to remain in "durance vilé." A monsignor affirmed, some years ago in Rome, that there has never been an instance of a *galeotto* appropriating any of the relics which are the objects of their researches. More than that, not a few, at the expiration of their term of punish-

ment, have craved permission to remain on the works on the same footing as the rest. Galley-slaves from choice? Who would ever have believed it?

In the *Revue de Normandie* can be found some interesting details concerning a certain Marquis de Bacqueville, long since forgotten by the French and not yet known to us. That brave seigneur was "a man of a strange mind," and the most eccentric wight in the kingdom of France in the century last past. An example: He once ordered a clock of doubtful taste and very difficult execution, telling the workman that it must be finished on such a day, or, if not, he would not take it. The notice was very short; but, by dint of energetic application to work, and employing all the helpers he could secure, the clockmaker saw his job completed on the day appointed, but, alas! at too late an hour to be delivered. The next morning, he took the clock to the marquis, who refused to accept it. "No," said he, "if you had come with it yesterday, although it had been midnight, I would have received it; to-day, it is too late." Here the workman, in despair, began to bewail over the great loss such a disappointment would bring upon him, and with such effect that the marquis, whose intentions were, after all, quite honorable, in spite of his oddities, was moved with compassion toward him, and handed him the sum promised as the price of the clock. "Here," said he, "take your money; but carry off the timepiece; I promised that I would not take it."

Had you been in Paris in the first week of September, when the temperature had lowered somewhat, and had hunger or curiosity prompted you to step within the precincts of one of the open-air restaurants of the *Champs Elysées*, you would have beheld a multitude so great, that it was impossible to find a waiter to attend upon you. The famished guests were reduced to the necessity of helping themselves; and right m mightily did they perform the service, passing each other wine, bread, vegetables, dessert, etc. One Sunday evening, a stranger entered hurriedly into one of those beehives, and knocked up against a waiter, who treated him to a warm bath, proceeding from a soup tureen which, upset by the collision, poured forth upon him the whole of its contents. Upon this, the stranger screamed like a peacock. "What?" said an *habitué*, "you are served before you have time to take a seat, and yet you complain!"

The most curious incident we know of in the life of Lord Byron is that published by M. E. D. Forques, in his work entitled "*Originaux et beaux esprits de l'Angleterre*," and the substance of which is as follows: Byron, in his long fits of melancholy, had talked of going to espouse the cause of the Greeks; and that caprice was encouraged by a small number of philhellenes; but the noble poet one day said that he would not go unless twelve Greek chiefs would come and request his aid. He was taken at his word. The twelve chiefs came and presented themselves before him, and he had to set out on his journey sick, worn out, and especially out of sorts at that heroic fantasy which has not a little contributed to render his name immortal.

The adaptation of the supply to the demand, in all things, gives rise to many curious anomalies in trade, and suggests interesting questions which, in some instances, seem unanswerable, though in others, as, for example, "Where does all the kid come from?" the answer "rats," or one equally appropriate, at once suggests itself. A writer in *All the Year Round* asks the question, "Where do some things come from?" and then enumerates, as the things about which he is curious, the immense number of seals from which the skins so profusely used throughout the world are procured; the kid for gloves; the innumerable plovers' eggs consumed every year in London; the oceans of champagne annually drunk; the milk and cream for large cities; and the sweetbreads so much in demand at certain seasons.

The good people of Aubagne, a small town in Provence, between Marseilles and Toulon, have been for some time in a fever of eager curiosity caused by an order given by the Viceroy of Egypt, who does things "regardless of expense," for ten thousand francs' worth of pots at the potteries of Aubagne. Let not this purchase seem mysterious to the readers of the JOURNAL: that prodigious quantity of earthenware is destined to hold the flowers intended for the decoration of the palace at the *fêtes* celebrated this season at the Isthmus of Suez.

It has been calculated, says a Paris newspaper, that five hundred five-franc pieces, placed alongside each other, just cover a square metre of ground. Now, five hundred of said pieces make the sum of two thousand five hundred francs (say five hundred dollars in gold); hence, in order to purchase ground in Paris at the present time, it is necessary to literally cover it with five-franc pieces.

The ballet-master of the theatre at Rouen is training a monster snake to take part in a ballet, the scene of which is to be laid in Eden. What next?

The Museum.

"D^O any of the *Raptores*," asks a correspondent of *Land and Water*, "ever seize their prey with the beak? I cannot recall to my mind any such act. They either clutch with the formidable talons provided for this purpose, or they dash down their quarry with their weight and momentum, often at the same time inflicting a fearful incised wound, or rip with the hind claw, the feet being drawn up under the breast. I have watched eagles and hawks of all sorts and sizes, in many lands, and I never, that I can recollect, saw any other course adopted. In Canada I have seen the osprey fall plump down on a luckless 'bass,' and, disappearing for a moment in a cloud of spray, remount aloft with the fish in its claws—short-lived triumph! An eagle has been watching him, and, from his station on a lofty withered pine, soars away over in a few circles—like a flash of lightning, down he comes on the fish-hawk, who drops his prey in dismay—downward plunges the eagle, and ere the fish touches the water, it is clutched in his talons, and borne away to be devoured. In Ceylon I have often seen the white-headed fishing-eagle (*Blagrus leucogaster*) strike the sea-snakes (*Pelamis bicolor*) on the calm water inside the reefs of Point Pedro. The noble bird pauses for a moment over the spot, and then descends feet foremost, the wings partially closed and uplifted, and the body swaying to and fro; as soon as he arrives at the surface, one or both feet are rapidly thrust out, a clutch is made, and the prey secured. *Aquila pennata*, the little booted eagle, I have seen, both in Ceylon and here at the Cape, seize small birds with the foot. *Hematornis cheela*, the frog-eating eagle, whips up his frogs from off a partially submerged log, or basking on a leaf in a tank, but always with his foot. All the harriers (*Circus*) clutch their prey, whether mice, or birds, or frogs, with their feet. Owls do the same, and catch beetles on the wing with the foot, throwing themselves almost on their backs to do it. Even the anomalous 'secretary bird' (*Gypogeranus reptilivorus*), usually first stuns his prey with a stamp of his heavy foot. For what else are the powerful, sharp, curved talons of the predatory *Raptores* given?"

I cannot understand this swift forward motion of serpents. The seizure of prey by the constrictor, though invisibly swift, is quite simple in mechanism; it is simply the return to its coil of an opened watch-spring, and is just as instantaneous. But the steady and continuous motion, without a visible fulcrum (for the whole body moves at the same instant, and I have often seen even small snakes glide as fast as I could walk), seems to involve a vibration of the scales quite too rapid to be conceived. The motion of the crest and dorsal fin of the hippocampus, which is one of the intermediate types between serpent and fish, perhaps gives some resemblance of it, dimly visible, for the quivering turns the fin into a mere mist. The entrance of the two barbs of a bee's sting by alternative motion, "the teeth of one barb acting as a fulcrum for the other," must be something like the serpent motion on a small scale.—RUSKIN.

Professor Whitney evidently has a high opinion of canine psychology. He says: "A dog as surely apprehends the general idea of a tree, a man, a piece of meat, cold and heat, light and darkness, pleasure and pain, kindness, threatening, barking, running, and so on through the whole range, limited as compared with ours, of matter within his ken, as if he had a word for each. He can as clearly form the intention, 'I mean to steal that bone, if its owner turns his back and gives me a fair chance,' as if he had said it to himself in good English. He can draw a complex syllogism, when applying to exigencies the results of past experience, and can determine, 'That smoking water must be hot, and I shall take good care not to put my foot in it;' that is to say, 'Water that smokes is hot; hot water hurts; this water is hot; ergo, it will hurt my foot.'"

In 1835, Sir Robert Peel presented a farmers' club, at Tamworth, with two iron ploughs of the best construction. On his next visit, the old ploughs with the wooden mould-boards were again at work. "Sir," said a member of the club, "we tried the iron, and we be all of one mind that they do make the weeds grow."

St. Peter's chair at Rome is believed, by all good Catholics, and by many who are not within the pale of the Church of Rome, to be the identical chair used by St. Peter in his life-time, when officiating as first bishop of Rome. It is, and for centuries has been, an object of especial veneration in the Church—so much so that, on the 18th of each January, a special service is performed in its honor, the day being set apart as the Festival of the Holy Chair. The authenticity of this chair has been frequently called in question by Protestant writers, but notably by Lady Morgan and Rev. H. J. Owen, which two attacks called forth from Cardinal Wiseman an historical essay, in which he traces the history of the chair by a succession of documentary proofs. In the course of his essay he gives a graphic description of the chair, which we reproduce,

merely omitting those paragraphs which are argumentative rather than descriptive:

"A superb shrine of gilt bronze, supported by four gigantic figures of the same materials, representing four doctors of the Church, closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's Church. The shrine is in the form of a throne, and contains a chair which the Prince of the Apostles is supposed to have occupied as bishop of Rome. It is a tradition, certainly of great antiquity, that St. Peter was received into the house of the Senator Pudens, and there laid the foundation of the Roman Church. . . .



"The Chair of St. Peter," Rome.

The chair of St. Peter is precisely such a one as we should have supposed to be given by a wealthy Roman senator to a ruler of the Church which he esteemed and protected. It is of wood, almost entirely covered with ivory, so as to be justly considered a curule chair. It may be divided into two principal parts: the square or cubic portion which forms the body, and the upright elevation behind, which forms the back. The former portion is four Roman palms in breadth across the front, two and a half at the side, and three and a half in height. It is formed by four upright posts, united together by transverse bars above and below. The sides are filled up by a species of arcade, consisting of two pilasters of carved wood, supporting with the corner-posts three little arches. The front is extremely rich, being divided into eighteen small compartments, disposed in three rows. Each contains a *basi-relievi* in ivory, of the most exquisite finish, surrounded by ornaments of the purest gold. These *basi-relievi* represent . . . the exploits of the monster-quelling Hercules. . . . The back of the chair is formed by

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a series of pilasters, supporting arches, as at the sides; the pillars here are three in number, and the arches four. Above the cornice, which these support, rises a triangular pediment, giving to the whole a tasteful and architectural appearance. Besides the *basi-relievi* above mentioned, the rest of the front, the mouldings of the back, and the tympanum of the pediment, are all covered with beautifully-wrought ivory."

The Shaster, or Hindoo bible, forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror, during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

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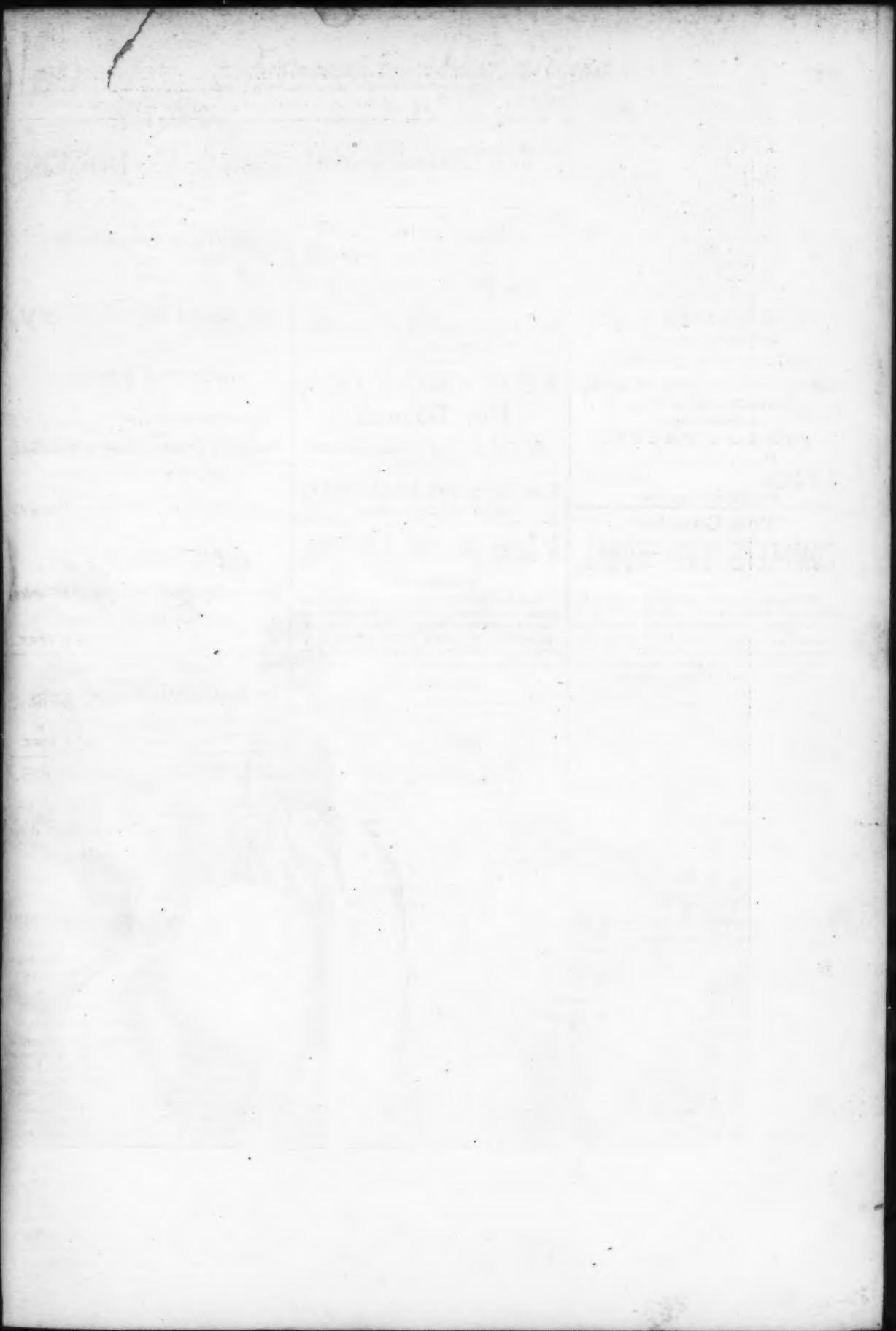
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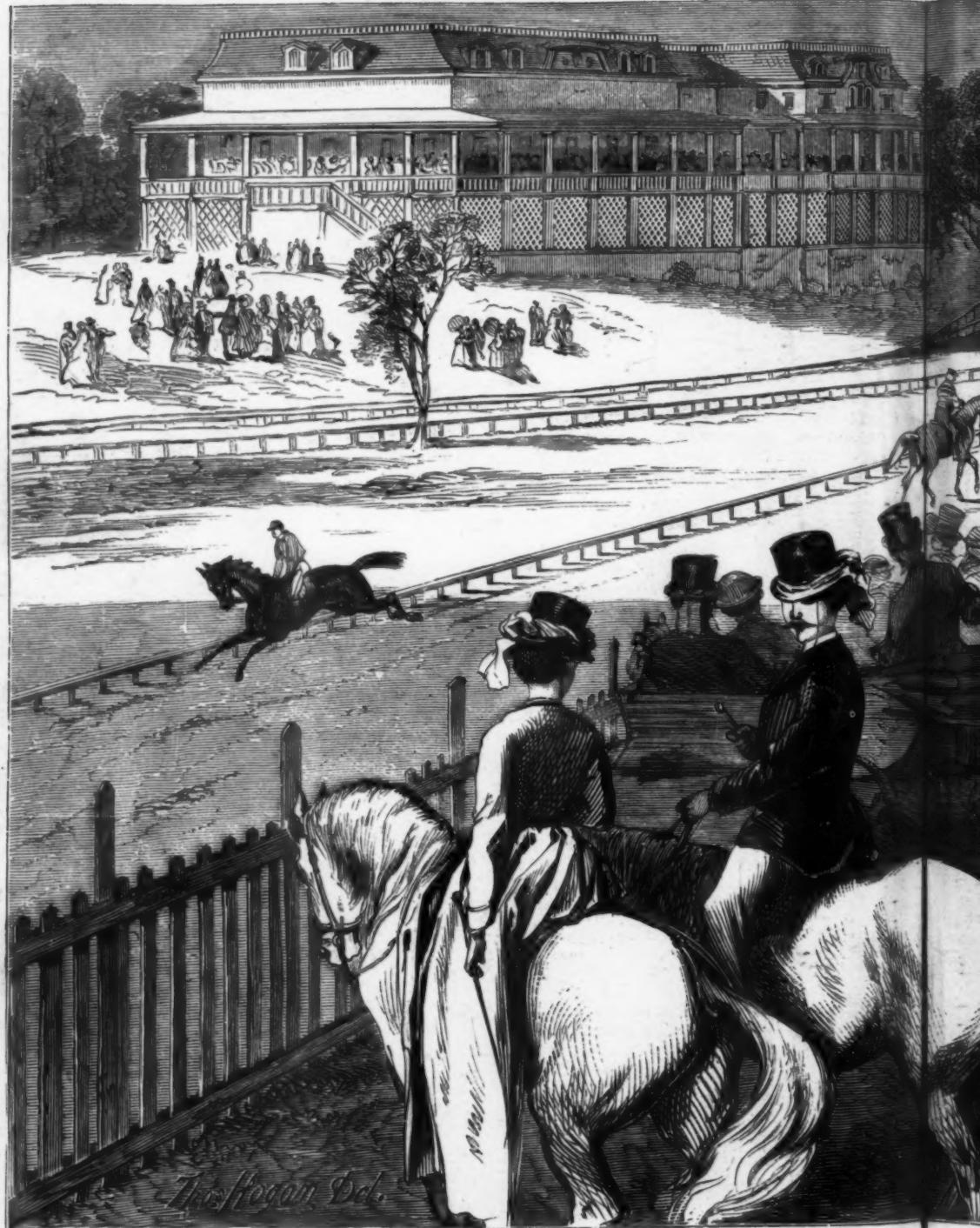
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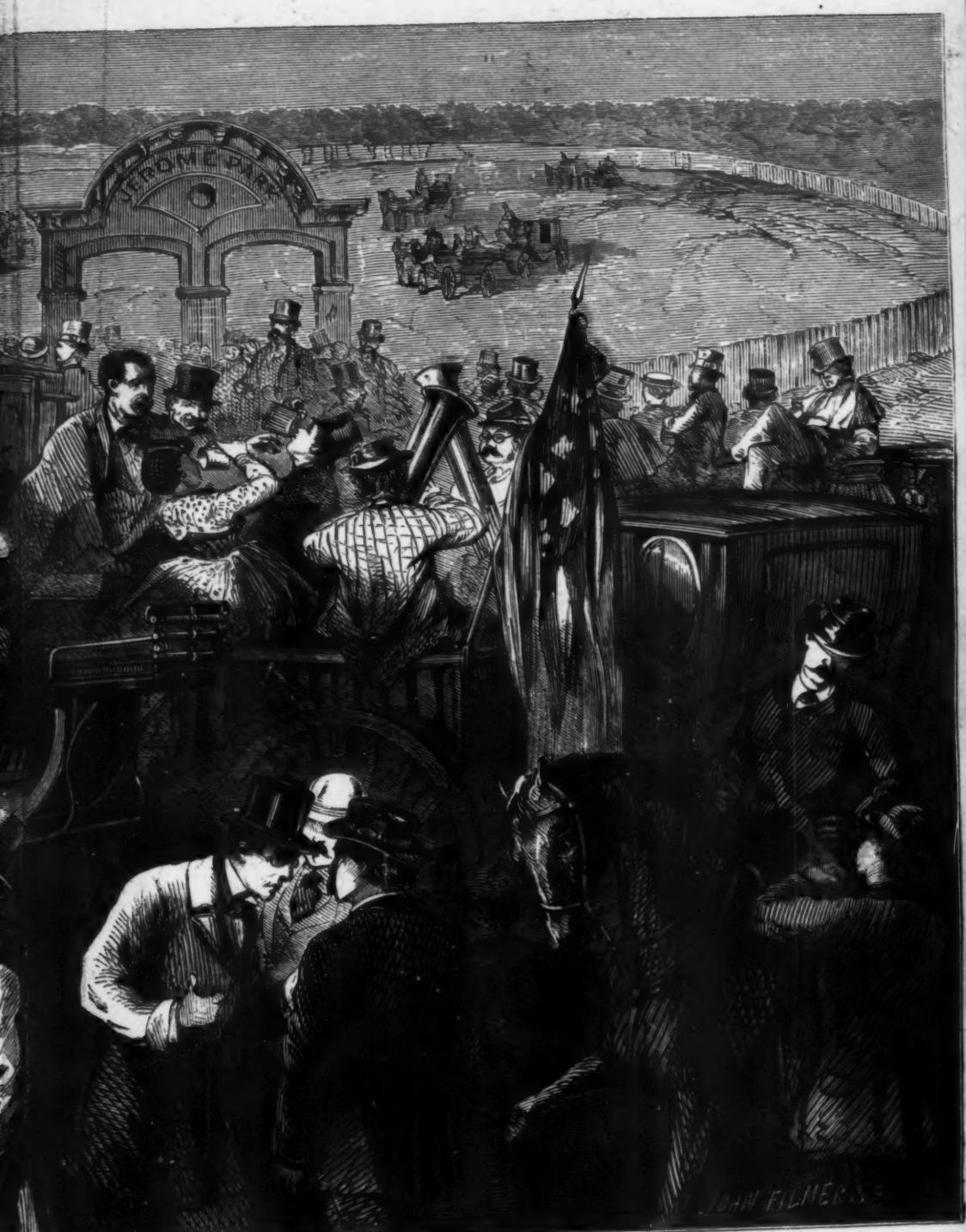
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